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THE

VILLAIN,

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by T. PORTER, Esq;

Fœlix & prosperum Scelus Virtus vocatur.

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THE

VILLAIN,

A TRAGEDY.

THE

PROLOGUE.

AS I appear, (me-thinks) I hear ſome ſay,
O, this is He that muſt excuſe the Play!
They better gueſs than thoſe who think I'm ſent
To dare the Cenſures of th' Impertinent;
Such a Poetique Choler would appear
Juſt like that Courage which is rais'd by Fear.
But (Gentlemen) in troth I'm only come
To tell ye that the Author is gone home,
To ſhun your Doom, like ſome poor Couzen'd Wench
That has not Confidence t' out-face the Bench.
We were ſuch Fools as to perſwade his Stay,
But (ſmiling at us) He made haſte away,
And ſaid ye could not ſo much honour lack,
As to ſpeak ill of him behind his back.

SCENE, *TOURS.*

Clairmont	The General.
La Bar	Gentleman of his Horſe.
D'orvile	Governour of the Town.
Briſac	A young Colonel.
Beaupres	His Friend.
Malignii	His Major and a Villain.
Bouteſeu, *D'elpeche*, *Lamarch*	Officers in *Briſac*'s Regiment.
Colignii	An Impertinent young Scrivener.
Cortaux	His Father.
Belmont	Siſter to *Briſac*.
Charlotte	Daughter to *D'orvile*.
Mariane, *Tranchibell*	Siſters to *Colignii*.
Luyſon	A waiting woman to *Bellemont*.
Surgeon, &c.	

Hoſt
Wife
Fryer

THE

THE VILLAIN.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter D'orvile, Briſac, Beaupres.

D'or. You have oblig'd me, Sir, in your laſt grant.
Briſ. It ſtill has been my ſtudy how to ſerve
A man of Honor. This is no ſuch favour.
D'or. Pardon me, Sir, I do eſteem it highly,
And do once more aſſure you, that your men
Shall find the Welcome that the Town affords;
You freely ſhould command all that is here,
From the ſole Merit you your ſelf poſſeſs,
Which with an Obligation I've receiv'd
Lately, and in the perſon of my Friend,
Does doubly claim performance of my Promiſe.
Briſ. Enough, good Sir:
You make me bluſh, I have not yet deſerv'd
The Honor that you now enrich me with.
D'or. I have done, Sir. [*Turns to* Beaupres *and ſalutes him.*
An Officer of yours?
Briſ. He is my Friend, and in that Office bears
Command o're all that e're I ſhall call mine.
Beau. One that is proud to wait upon his worth,
And take the Copy of a gallant man

From

From his ripe Youth.

D'or. Believe me, Sir, your perſon does beſpeak
An expectation in all thoſe that ſee you,
Of what is Great and Generous in a Man.

Briſ. You've read him right.

D'or. I cannot doubt it, Sir;
For Friendſhip in Young-men breeds a delight
In doing great and worthy things, whereby
They may tie faſt the bond of Friendſhip ſworn.
That Prince is happy who in's Army has
Such Rivals unto Virtue and to Honor;
And yet rejoyce when either courts them well.

Beau. Your praiſe will make me ſtudy to deſerve it.

Enter Maligali.

Briſ. Well, Major, have you yet diſpos'd the men?

Mal. They are all Billited, ſaving ſome few
That were deſign'd unto the place you mention'd.

Briſ. Make up their Quarters out of thoſe ſame Blanks
My ſervants drew, and yours, my deareſt Friend,
May ſerve for ſix; I know you will not leave me.

D'or. Leave that to me, the favour's very great;
You have remov'd the trouble from the place
That calls my Friend its Landlord.

Briſ. But not with an intention, 't ſhould be put
Upon your care.
There's room enough, he knows how to diſpoſe them.

D'or. I muſt ſubmit: but pleaſe you all to grace
My houſe and me; and if it do not ſpeak
So large a welcome as my heart does mean,
Blame my poor power, not my want of will.

Briſ. Pleaſe you to lead the way, we'l follow.

D'or. I'm proud to be your guide in this occaſion.

[*Stops him as he is going.*

Mal. Sir, I would ſpeak with you.

Briſ. Prethee, *Beaupres*, go you along,
Tell him he ſhall not long expect our coming. [*Exit* Beaupres.
Now, Major, ſpeak your buſineſs.

Mal. Have you deſign'd your Siſter ſhould come here,
And ſtay this Winter-Quarter 'mongſt your Troops?

Briſ. You know I have: But prethee why do'ſt aſk?
Do'ſt think that *Tours* is like unto the Camp?

Mal. No, but------

Briſ.

Brif. But what? are there not hundreds more
Of the ſame quality that reſide here?
My houſe not fifteen Leagues from thence,
Why ſhould I bar her being here this Winter?
'Twas but a year ago you wondred much
I would confine her to a Country life,
And ſaid, her breeding was not like my Siſter's,
Though ſhe did want no Maſters could inrich
Her mind and carriage; yet then you thought fit
She ſhould ſee *Paris* and its bravery.

Mal. I hope my care does give you no offence?

Briſ. No, Honeſt *Malignii*, I know you've been
My friend ſince I writ Man; do but ſpeak
To ſhow the error of your friendly doubts.

Mal. I'm glad you ſo interpret them.

Briſ. I know they are;
Do'ſt think our Regiment a ſweeping Plague,
That does infect whole Towns it quarters in;
Or that it breaths the air of Vice on all
The Virgins live in the ſame Horizon?
Ha, ha, ha!
I know they're Blades, but yet I think they'l ſcarce
Preſume to venture on my Siſter.

Mal. Fie, Sir, I never thought on that.

Briſ. What then? I cannot gueſs your meaning.

Mal. Nor I, till time (which ripens all) diſclole it.

Briſ. Well then let's wait that time:
But now it is decreed ſhe comes,
Beaupres to morrow goes to fetch her hither.

Mal. 'Tis wondrous well and fine.

Briſ. What is?

Mal. This Town.

Briſ. I, is it not a lovely ſeat?
But this ſame River *Loyre* is bleſt along
It's Banks with ſeveral of ſuch Cities.
Come, come, the Governour will ſtay for us.

Malig. I'le wait upon you, Sir.

Exeunt.

Enter Coligñii *and* Cortaux.

Cort. I hope thou wilt.
There is a Captain quarters at my houſe;
Be ſure you bid your Siſters treat him well;
But hearke you, Sir; I'd have you watch their Waters,

These

Theſe men of War will ſtraightways clap aboard.
Colig. I'le warrant you Father, let me alone.
Cor. But you muſt ſtill be civil, and give way,
When th' other Officers do come to viſit.
Colig. What do you mean Father, muſt I leave the Room
And ſhut the Door?
Cor. Away, you Dunce, I mean you muſt take heed
That you do no ways interrupt Diſcourſe.
Colig. I ſhall, Sir.
Cor. I ſay you muſt not by no means.
Pox, how I ſhall be plagu'd!
Why they will ſtraight perceive thou art ill bred.
I'le ſend thee ſtraight into the Country,
For here thou wilt be jeer'd, or may be kill'd
For doing ſome prepoſterous fooliſh thing.
Colig. I fear not that;
But, good Sir, conſider the ſmallneſs of this ſtock.
Cor. Why here is more, a Crown in Gold.
Be ſure you wear this ſtill but for a ſhow.
Colig. I'le do as does befit a man.
Cor. As does befit a Gudgeon.
Well, Sir, let's ſee how you will bear your ſelf;
I fear we ſhall have ſome rank tricks o'th' School.
Colig. Here comes our Gueſt, Father.

Enter D' Elpeche *and Servants.*

D' Elpe. The Maſter of this houſe I think you are?
Cor. The man that's honor'd with that title, Sir.
Colig. Yes 'tis my Father, Sir, and I'm his Son.
D' Elpe. I did believe as much.
Sir, I muſt beg your patience for the trouble
My men and I muſt give you this ſame Winter,
But they ſhall ſtill moſt orderly obſerve
A juſt decorum which befits the place.
Cor. Your men!
Why Sir, I hope your whole Troop is not quarter'd
Upon my houſe?
D' Elpe. Oh no, Sir!
I mean my Servants,
They are men too.
Colig. Yes indeed Father are they,
The Gentleman ſpeaks truth,
The Captain I ſhould ſay, Sir:

I humbly

I humbly crave your pardon: 'twas a miſtake.
D' Elpe. O Sir, the fault is not ſo great.
Colig. I hope ſo, Sir: I ſhould be loth in any way t'offend.
Cor. Hold you your prating;
Sir, you freely may command this houſe,
And him that's owner of't.
D' Elpe. Your ſervant, Sir.
Cor. And if in ought my Son can do you ſervice,
Pray command him too.
Colig. I, or if my Siſters can do you ſervice,
Pray command them too.
D' Elpe. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy ſtill to be their Servant.
Cor. You muſt be prating ſtill. [*Takes him aſide.*
Colig. Why Father, would you not have me civil
To our new gueſt the Captain?
Cor. Yes, but mark me, and imitate.
D' Elpe. Are theſe his Siſters,
Which he talks of, handſome? [*To himſelf.*
Cor. Y' are melancholy, Sir;
Shall we walk in and taſte the fruit,
Or rather juicy ſubſtance of th' laſt Vintage?
Colig. Which is to ſay,
Let's crack a Bisket o're a Glaſs of Wine.
D' Elpe. I did conceive as much:
I ſhall wait on you, Sir.
Colig. And I will wait on you, moſt noble Captain.
D' Elpe. O Lord, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Malignii *Solus.*

Malig. Beaupres to morrow goes to fetch her hither;
'Twas ſo he ſaid.
S' death can he ſtill be blind?
I've known him ſubtile as the Air, to find
Anothers ſecret out; and glide
Through the ſmall Pores that guard the heart,
And there take view of all that it conceal'd;
Such pow'r his cunning and Diſcourſes had;
But now a Mole, or elſe he ſeems to be ſo.
Hair-brain'd *Alecto* lend me but one Snake,
I'le make his heart the paſture to maintain it:
And all ye Furies hold your Torches high,
That they may ſparkle fire to his Eyes,
And his Soul bubble o're as faſt as yours;

'Twill be a gallant flame when his fierce rage
Shoots forth in Flakes like *Ætna* in her Labour,
And *Beaupres* too, that is as hot as he,
Shall meet that ardour with an equal heat;
Oh how my Soul rejoyces when I think on't!
Back, back, ye fooliſh thoughts of man, and honour,
Y'are but Diſeaſes to me, and my love
Hath long been peſter'd with your childiſh fears;
That is the Deity which I adore,
And what doth not conduce to profit that,
Shall ſtill be held Heretical by me.

Enter Beaupres.

Ha! What makes him follow me?

Beauf. *Malignii*, as e're thou wert my Friend,
Excuſe me to my Colonel,
I dare not ſtay, the Healths grow ponderous,
For great Glaſſes fill'd,
Burthen the ſtomach, and make the head light.

Malig. Why how now, Sir, are you turn'd Flincher too?
Nay then the trick of drinking will grow ſtale:
For ſhame leave not your Colonel ſo.

Beaup. Why there be ſome more Officers with him,
La'march is there, and *Bontefeu* I think,
D'elpeche is juſt now enter'd, all ask for you,
For me I think they cannot miſs this night;
But if my Colonel ſhould chance to ask,
Say I was much diſtemper'd, and went home,
Beſides, to morrow I muſt be ſtirring early.

Malig. About your Journey?
'Tis better far than drinking,
To entertain ones ſelf ſo neer the joy
With thinking of it.

Beauf. Why? do you find ſuch pleaſure, Sir, in riding?

Malig. To wait on ſuch fair objects, Sir, I do.

Beaup. I wonder then you ſpake not for th' imployment.

Malig. You had prevented me, or elſe I would.

Beaup. You are miſtaken, Sir, my Colonel
Pitch'd upon me, knowing with what joy
I ſtill was preſt t'obey, and do him ſervice.

Malig. Moſt likely, Sir.

Beaup. Good night, good Major, pray excuſe me this time. [*Exit.*

Malig. Diſeaſes cloſe your Eyes——

How

How is my ſoul rack't, when I ſee this man?
And yet my Genius will not give me Leave,
T' attempt my quiet, by his ſudden death;
Something there is that awes me ſtrangely:
Conſcience I'm ſure it is not:
For did he walk with mark and curſe of Heav'n,
To thoſe that ſhould deprive him of his life,
I'd wiſh this hand had don't;
Something I muſt find out, and ſuddenly,
To thruſt him on to Ruine:
His Angel muſt be watchful if he ſcape me. [*Exit.*

Enter D'orvile *as conducting them to the door*, Bouteſeu, La'march, D'elpeche.

D'orv. I am ſorry, Gentlemen, you will not ſtay.
Bout. 'Tis late, Sir,
And our Colonel will want his reſt.
La'mar. We fear our trouble has been great already.
D'orv. It was an honor you have done my houſe.
D'elp. No further, Sir, I pray.
La'mar. Sir, I beſeech you leave us here.
D'orv. Gentlemen, I'm ſtill obedient to what you command.
D'elp. Your humbleſt Servants, Sir. [*Exit* D'orville.
La'mar. Now what ſhall we do?
No acquaintance here, *Bouteſeu*?
Nor you, *D'elpeche*? Now I think on't better,
Thou art a Puling Lover,
Writ'ſt verſes, or at leaſt pretends to't,
Mak'ſt all addreſs Upſii *Platonick*;
I will not go to bed yet,
What are you for?
Bout. I? why any thing.
D'elpeche, haſt e're a Miſtris here.
We may repair to?
Two hours with thee 's an Age;
I know thou canſt not want a Miſtris here
D'elph. And do you hope I'l bring you to her?
Bout. Why not?
Do'ſt think I would prophane thy Lady Bright
With ſcurvy Courting?
L'amar. Or put thee out of countenance
With ſaying things we never did intend,
But yet ſo quaint and new a Dialect,

That she shall stand amaz'd at our great wit,
And find by proof hereafter thou hast none.
D'elp. Why you brace of Baboons,
Do not I know it's a Baudy-house you look for?
You Mistresses? *Flanders* Mares,
And those extreamly ready to be hors'd,
You'l hardly stay the Courtship else.
Bont. Why where's the pleasure of it else?
Daily to wait upon my Lady's Dog,
And pick the Fleas that do molest his Worship;
Make cringes to her Picture,
Swear 'tis Heav'n to hear her hum an Air,
Though out of Tune.
If she but smile, fall backward in a Rapture;
If frown, fall in a Swoun and break your face.
La'mar. Or sit and praise the wit she shows
In the ingenious chusing of her Colours.
D'elp. You speak as if I thus imploy'd my time.
Bont. Most certainly thou dost.
La'mar. Come, come, shall's go drink?
For yet I will not go to bed.
D'elpe. Fie, fie, we're wondrous hot
With Wine already, I could tell ye.
But you are Brutes, and will do some rude thing.
Bont. I swear we won't.
What is't, or where, *D'elpeche*?
D'elp. Why look you, Gentlemen,
I'm lodg'd where Beauties live,
Whose eyes will force high capers in your bloods:
Will you prepare your morrow's Visit
With a quaint Serenade this night?
La'mar. Agreed i'faith; where shall we get the Musick?
D'elp. That I did bespeak before.

Enter Fidlers.

See here, I think they're come.
Bont. What are you, Gentlemen,
The merry Boys, that saw a heart in sunder
With your Rosin?
Mus. This Gentleman bespoke us here to night.
D'elp. I did so, pray begin.
Mus. What shall we play, Sir?

D'elp.

D'elp. The newest Ayrs. [*They play an Ayr or two.*

Bout. Pox o' these fine things;
Can you not play the Siege of *Rochel*?

Mus. Yes, Sir.

D'elp. Fie, *Boutefeu*, there's a Tune for Ladies.

Bout. Why then let them play
The Tune we made the Song to th'other night.

La'mar. I, I, by any means.
Lum terum, tum, &c. [La'mar. *sings the Tune to the Musick.*

Mus. Oh, Sir, we know the Tune.

Bout. Begin then; *D'elpeche*, you shall bear your part.

D'elp. My hope is they'l not understand us.

La'mar. Come, come, I'le begin.

The SONG.

La'mar. *How happy and free is the plunder,*
When we care not for Jove *nor his Thunder?*
Having entred a Town,
The Lasses go down,
And to their O're-comers lie under.

Chorus together. *Then why should we study to love, and look pale,*
And make long Addresses to what will grow stale?

Bout. *If her fingers be soft, long, and slender,*
When once we have made her to render,
She will handle a Flute
Better far than a Lute,
And make what was ha---rd to grow te---nder.

Chor. *Then why should we study, &c.*

All three sing this together. *When the houses with flashes do glitter,*
We can sever our sweets from the bitter,
And in that bright night
We can take our delight,
And no Damsel shall scape but we'll hit her.

Cor. *Then why should we study, &c.*

D'elp. Peace, peace, pray peace,
The Window opens.
Play and sing that I sent you to night.

Mus. We shall, Sir.

La'mar.

La'mar. Plague o' your Tuning, ye Dogs,
Cannot your Inſtruments ſtand in Tune
One quarter of an hour?
D'el. Prethee, *La'march*, be ſilent.

SONG.

See where Caliſto *wheels about*
The Northern Axle-tree of Heav'n,
And ſwift Bootes *ſtill does rout*
Before his Laſh the glittering Seven.
View then thoſe Eyes which are more fair
Than any Star that glitters there.

2.

Fair Caſſiopeia, *would'ſt thou gain*
The Prize of glory in thy Sphere?
Try then to borrow of theſe Twain
Two pair of Eyes that ſhine more clear:
For whilſt they ſparkle here below,
Obſcurer Lights we cannot know.

3.

In nights they far out-ſhine the Moon,
And render them like glorious days,
They may contend at height of Noon
To equalize the Sun's bright Rays:
Their Coronet of Hair, though brown,
Does far out-ſhine Ariadne's *Crown.*

4.

Then gently dart thoſe beams; for know
How quick and fiercely they ſurprize
The Centinels that expect below
The dawning of your beauteous Eyes.
We are your Plants, and if we thrive,
'Tis by your influence that we live.

[*The window opens quick.*

Bout. Ladies, does this pleaſe you?
D'elp. Prethee be ſilent.
La'mar. Why? have you prepar'd any more tricks for them?
Bout. Beſides we ſhould fain hear
The heavenly Muſick of their Voices.
Ladies, can you vouchſafe a Parley?

Mar.

Mar. We can, Sir;
Though that muſt never give you any hopes,
The Fort is to be rendred.
Bout. We ask it not upon thoſe terms.
Franc. If you do, Sirs,
We'll ſtraight advance our flag of high defiance.
La'mar. What Colour bears it, Lady?
Or what Motto?
For it needs muſt be extraordinary,
Since Women hold it forth.
Franc. See, Sir, the Colour's white,
And for the Motto,
Siſter, what ſhall it be?
Maria. Any thing, the colour ſpeaks it ſelf,
'Tis Innocence.
La'mar. So are your ſheets, Lady.
Maria. And ſhall be ſo ſtill for you, Sir.
La'mar. Say you ſo? why then come doleful death.
D'elp. Come, come, *La'march*, we ſhall grow troubleſome,
'Tis late; Ladies, we humbly kiſs your hands.
Both. We are your ſervants, Sir. [*Shut to the window.*
Bout. Why in ſuch haſte, *D'elpeche*?
Pox, why did you take leave ſo ſoon?
I was ſtudying of a fine ſpeech: which now y'ave ſpoil'd.
D'elp. No matter, to morrow will ſerve,
I'le teach thee one without Book by that time.
Bout. I'm much beholding to your Learning, Sir.
Enter the Round.
Round. Stand, who goes there? ſpeak to the Round.
La'mar. Friends to the Guard.
Round. I think you are ſome of the Officers
That laſt came to Town.
D'elp. You are in the right, Gentlemen.
But whither ſo faſt this way?
Round. To the Governour, Sir, for the Keys:
There is ſome Noble-man at the Gate,
Deſires preſently to be let into Town.
D'elp. Know ye who 'tis?
Round. No, but he deſires ſtraight to be conducted
To the Governour. Good-night Gentlemen; 'tis late.
La'mar. We know it, Sirs.
Bout. Come, we two go together.

D'elpeche.

D'elpeche, you are at home.

La'mar. Adieu Mounſieur; we may I hope,
See theſe Ladies to morrow.

D'elp. Much may be done, as ye behave your ſelves.

Bout. Adieu Formality.

D'elp. Good night Swash. [*Exeunt ſeverally. Bout. and La'mar. go out with muſick playing them to their Lodging.*

Enter D'orvile, *making himſelf ready, and Servants.*

D'or. I wonder who't ſhould be thus late?

Serv. Some expreſs from Court, Sir.

D'or. I certainly, but what about, I cannot gueſs.
Get things in readineſs,
They ſay, it is a man of Quality.

Serv. Shall I wake the Colonel?

D'or. By no means;
The Complement were ill, to ſtay him here
This night, and trouble him.
Be ſure there be no noiſe made
About his Chamber.

Serv. There ſhall not, Sir.

D'or. Go then, diſpatch, and let a Room be ſtraight provided,
That he may reſt himſelf. [*Exit ſervant.*
What ſhould this Summons mean?
I hope the King is well.

Enter General, La Barr, *and the Guard, with lights before 'em.*

Gener. I hope you'l pardon this diſturbance.

D'or. The greateſt honour could arrive unto me.

Gener. *La Barr*, give the Guard to drink.
They're careful men, and ought to be rewarded. [*Exit Guard.*

D'or. I'm glad you found 'em ſo; [*Aſide.*
If negligent, the blame had all been mine.
But, Sir, I hope no evil accident
Is cauſe that you travel now ſo late.

Gener. None, I aſſure you Governour.
I had a great deſire to wait upon you,
And free my ſelf from the tempeſtuous noiſe,
And turbulent cares the Court afflicts us with:
I hope all health poſſeſſes your fair Daughter.

D'or. She cannot want it, Sir, that has your wiſhes:
But you are weary, Sir, and want repoſe.

Gener. Indeed I am,
We have rid hard to day;

No

No Lodging's to be found in all the Suburbs,
Elſe we had ſpar'd you this nights trouble.
D'or. You then had wrong'd your ſervant much.
But, Sir, 'tis morning, you may break faſt
Before you go to bed.
Gener. Not now, for I am wondrous weary.
D'or. I ſhall conduct you then unto your Chamber.
Gener. Come, *La-Bar*, I think thou ſleep'ſt.
[*Exit* before *D'or*. *La-Bar.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Malignii.

Malig. HE's gone,
And may the plagues of Hell purſue his ſteps.
How diligent he is to my undoing?
I have been all this night as watchful too
As he; though from a different cauſe;
For mine was malice, and a jealous hate,
That Tenter-hookt my Eye-lids, when as ſleep
Did poize 'em down;
Curſed be the Guards that let him forth,
At that dead time of night,
Some trick might elſe have ſtay'd his journey;
And may be hers from coming hither;
I ſhall grow mad to ſee this Beard-leſs boy
Out-rival me, in what I moſt eſteem.
Oh *Bell-mont*, too cruel, and too fair!
But yet, I will not fall alone;
That minute, *Malignii*, thy hopes ſhall leave thee,
Reſolve, all bliſs and comfort ſhall leave her,
Unleſs thy wits with hope ſhall take their flight.
For I am not that curious Coxcomb Lover,
That ſuffers patiently, and will admit
He not deſerves when ſhe does think unfit.
They that can make me ſuffer without pity,
Deſerve inflictions from my brains requital.
----I have it,----or if that fail,

Boutefeu's an Engine I can ſet a-work.
A blunt, conceited fool----
And for his temper----
I'le manage him, no Chymiſt with more Art,
And when I pleaſe, his worſhip flies in Fumo.
But firſt, I'le to my Colonel to move,
All ſails is beſt to catch at fleeting Love. [*Exit.*

Enter D'orvile, Charlotte.

D'orv. You know I never did refuſe you ought
Was fitting you ſhould ask, or I ſhould grant;
Nor am I ſuch a jealous fool, *Charlotte*,
To doubt the ſtrength of your fair Education:
But as it is your duty to obey,
So it is mine to tell you freely now
Wherein and how I do expect it from you.
You know what Gueſt arrived here laſt night,
(Whoſe Father was the maker of my fortune)
He's young, and has a preſence too too fair,
To truſt a Courtſhip without timely counſel;
I know his aims at you.

Charl. 'Tis more than yet I am acquainted with;
Do you not mean *Briſac*?

D'orv. No, no, you know I don't;
Or are you ignorant of viſits that concern you?
'Tis *Clairmont* the young brave General,
Arriv'd here when we were all a-bed.

Charl. Truly I did not know ſo much.

D'orv. Nor had you no ſuſpicion of his coming?

Charl. Why do you ask me, Sir?
Do you ſuſpect ſecret intelligence
'Twixt him and me? I hope my Honour's fair
In your belief, elſe truly I am wrong'd.

D'orv. It is, my deareſt Girl;
Nor is it an opinion of thy weakneſs
That draws this counſel from me,
But tender care my love does owe thy youth,
And as a Father I do owe my Child.

Charl. Proceed, dear Sir,
And from me expect a full obedience.

D'orv. Know then, (*Charlotte*) a Maid with beauty ſtor'd,
Ought to be Miſtreſs of much care and wit,

Not

Not to eſteem the Treaſure of a face
Or body, more than of a fairer mind.
I counſel no neglect of them; but ſtill
With equal labour ſtrive to gain the Prize
Of Beauty's Lawrel, and of being wiſe;
Or elſe your ſob'reſt looks will ſtill provoke,
And what you meant for Chaſt be conſtru'd Love;
Till you have got repute of all the world
That you are virtuous, as they think you fair:
Then like a beauteous Field of Corn you'l ſhow,
Which none may reap, though all admire and wiſh,
Till the right Owner calls this Harveſt home.
Nor Love conſents that Beauty's Field lie waſte,
Weed out all Vice, and plant fair Virtue there;
Of all, be wary of an eaſie Faith,
A root that quite deſtroys a virtuous mind;
The bitter ſeed is Candy'd with ſweet words,
Which when the Sugar's melted all away,
Does ſhoot up into infamy and ruine;
For though that Nature made you to be won,
Yield not till by a fair approach you're ta'ne.
D'ye underſtand me what I mean by this?

Charl. I ſhall do, Sir, by that time you have ended.

D'orv. In ſhort, I'd have you know
In fewer words, without all Parables,
I am not ignorant why *Clairmont* comes hither,
And though he does pretend a wearineſs
Of buſineſs, and the crowding of a Court,
'Tis to ſee you he comes, and ſo he'll tell you;
Thus far I know: but whether ill or well
He means in his addreſſes, you'l beſt learn----
In fine, your Honour now (which ſtill is mine)
Depends upon the tryal of your virtue,
And if your beauty could attract his eyes,
Your virtue try'd will tie 'em conſtant to you.

Charl. All theſe have been the Leſſons of my Mother,
And I may hope that I am perfect in 'em.

D'orv. I hope ſo too, *Charlotte*; and ſo I leave you,
For I do hear *Clairmont*'s already up. [*Ex.* D'orv.

Charl. What wondrous pains our Parents ſeem to take?
Who though they gave us Natures, cannot frame
What they themſelves have made, obedient to them.

I thank my Stars, mine is not ſo deprav'd,
That I need bluſh the owning of its paſſions.
But why my Soul, image of heavenly good,
Should ſtoop to Earth, and hearken to the World,
And the baſe Cries of worldly intereſt,
None but a Father's care can reaſon give:
For I'm too young and innocent to know
Tricks of diſſembling and forc'd piety.
Clairmont's a worthy man, I muſt confeſs,
And one, whoſe love were too much honour for me;
Nor could I juſt exceptions ever find
Againſt his perſon; yet, to ſpeak the truth,
I never yet could find my ſelf inclin'd
To love his Perſon, or his glorious Mind;
Eſteem as much as ever I could give,
He ſtill receiv'd from me, as reverence due.
But whither art thou fled, my innocence?
I grow too knowing; can diſtinctions make
Beyond my Leſſons, 'twixt Eſteem and Love;
Do know their different Concords on the mind,
And can diſtinguiſh either's harmony.
For ſhame, *Charlotte*, be ſilent in thy fault:
Ha! I hope I have committed none as yet,
Nor do I think I ever ſhall:
I love, 'tis true: but thouſand Deaths I'le dye
E're I betray my frailty to the man,
He ne're ſhall brag one look hath conquer'd me;
For though my love be virtuous, yet ſo ſoon
To be o'recome will argue eaſineſs;
Alas! why ſhould it though? muſt it be time
Should conquer more than ſympathy of mind?
Great god of Love, pity a Virgins fate,
And if I muſt be wounded by thy hand,
Spare not the Inſtrument that caus'd my harm,
If he be wounded too I ſhall not mourn.
Lord! how I talk? but Womens hearts oppreſs'd,
Will breath their ſecrets to the careleſs Air,
Rather than ſilence keep: Great god of Love,
Once more I beg that thou my Patron prove. [*Exit.*

Enter Colignii, Cortaux.

Coll. O Lord, Sir! d'ye think I know not what I do?
Cort. Before Heaven, I'le break thy head,

If thou

If thou but attempt it.

Coll. That's a good one i'faith;
I know you do but try my civility,
And whether I can be peremptory in good manners;
In fine, I am resolute, and so much for that.

Cort. Well, and so much for that too. [*Beats him.*

Coll. Nay, now I am resolv'd,
Nor shall thy Fate, O *Rome*----

Cor. Will ye, will ye, Sirrah?
Curse on thy folly, it will be my shame.

Coll. I'm sure yours will be my shame,
Nay, a shame to our whole Family.
Not requite Obligations?
Ingratitude's a black Sin.

Cort. But why in the open day?

Coll. Because they shall know 'twas I did it.

Cort. They'l take thee for a Fidler,
And think thou com'st to give them their welcome
To th' Town.

Coll. P'heu! I'le warrant ye, why do I look
Like a Fidler? ha, ha, ha!----

Enter Mariane, Francibel.

Cort. Here's your Sisters,
Ask 'em if it were fit.

Col. What? am not I as wise as they?
Though they be of our counsel for the hemming of your
Bands and Cuffs, I hope I know what belongs to
Gallantry (as they call't.)

Mar. Indeed you are a prime Gallant.

Fran. Yes faith, ask the Woman of the Tennis-Court else,
Who beat you for filching of her Balls to play
At Bouls on Holidays.

Mar. For Stew'd-Prunes and Ginger-bread.

Col. Out, Puss----

Cort. Nay, nay, I think they'l tell you your own.

Mar. Pray, Sir, what trim thing would he do now?

Cort. S'death, he would carry the Fidlers to give
The Gentlemen that were at your Window last night
A Serenade at Noon-day.

Fran. Cokes him, Pugg----

Col. Baggages, I would so thrum your Jackets,
If it were not for my Father,

I should

I ſhould make you more mannerly.

Mar. Away, Gull----

Cort. Nay, nay, too much of one thing's good for nothing.

Col. I will have Muſick for the Gentlemen,
As far as this can go; and that you ſhall ſee too,
And ſo be with ye. [*Exit* Col.

Mar. Nay, pray ſtay, Sir, let him have his humor.

Cort. Pox on's humors, my Purſe will be the lighter
For his humors. [*Exit* Cortaux.

Franc. Not lighter than his head, I'le warrant ye.

Mar. I find my Father's conſideration in this buſineſs
Proceeds from the Purſe, more than any folly
He conceives in the Action.

Franc. Truly, Siſter, I am much of your opinion.
But do'ſt think the Blades will come to viſit us to day?

Mar. I'le warrant you; prethee let's in, we are not
Half in order to receive them. [*Exeunt Ambo.*

Enter General *and* La-Barr.

Clair. How careful are we in a trifling dreſs,
As if our clothes put ſtops unto the mind,
And fram'd the harmony of our Miſtreſs thoughts?

Lab. It argues cleanly curioſity,
A thing that draws the ſubtleſt Lady's eyes
To an attention of the perſon.

Clair. But do'ſt thou like this dreſs?----
I am ſo little us'd to care how 'tis,
I know not when I'm well;
I us'd to take my Taylor's word,
But now I am growing mighty ſcrupulous.
Prethee ſurvey me well,
How is my Hair here? I'le wear no Cloak,
A Sword and Belt alone does better.

Lab. A good ſhape ſtill thinks it warm.

Clair. How can I chuſe, when I am all on fire?
Oh! how I long to ſee my fair *Charlotte*!

Lab. But have you quite forgot your fair *Bellmont*?

Clair. Thou know'ſt ſhe never would be kind;
Would'ſt have me dote for ever without hopes?
Beſide, I like her not ſo well as this.

Lab. Yet if I might but freely ſpeak my thoughts----

Clair.

Clair. Prethee do.
Lab. I think her beautiful as any one.
Clair. I thought ſo too once,
But ſhe was coy, peſtilent coy.
Lab. 'Tis true, there was ſomething in the wind,
More than I underſtood: ſhe would have hearken'd elſe.
Here comes her Brother, Sir.

Enter Briſac, D'elpeche, Lamarch, Bouteſeu, *ſalute* Clairmont *ſeverally.*

Clair. Have you been well quarter'd, Gentlemen?
It was my chiefeſt care you ſhould be ſo.
Briſ. Extremely well, Sir, we humbly thank you.
Clair. Well, what news? how d'ye mean to paſs this Winter?
Briſ. We little hop'd to have had the happineſs,
That your fair preſence brings unto the place.
Clair. What can there be more pleaſant to the mind,
Than ſharing mirth, with thoſe have ſhar'd in danger?
We will be merry, Gentlemen, ſhall we not?
Are the Players good that are in Town?
Monſieur *D'elpeche*, you know, you are a Virtuoſo.
D'elp. They ſay themſelves they will do wonders for us,
I never ſaw 'em act.
Briſ. I think the ſelf ſame Band was once at *Orleans.*
Bout. The ſame, Sir, had the great miſchance.
Clair. What was it, prethee?
Bout. Acting *Orpheus* deſcent into Hell,
Their Fire-works ſet a-fire on the Stage,
Which burnt ſome part o'th' Town.
Clair. The Town then ſhar'd in their misfortune.
Bout. Moſt certain, Sir.
Clair. But, Colonel, what Ladies are in Town?
You are a Neighbour born unto this place.
Briſ. But 'tis long ſince I have frequented it;
The fair *Roſella* I do hear is dead,
Marry'd to an old Miſer broke her heart with grief.
Clair. Was ſhe ſo handſome as her fame did ſpeak?
Briſ. When I was here laſt,
I did not ſtudy much what Beauty was,
But yet, me thought, I was much pleas'd to ſee her.
Clair. But don't you now obſerve with ſtricter eyes
A Lady's feature?

Brif. Troth, Sir, methinks I do begin;
Nay, I have ſeen a Lady in this Town
Not much unlike her.

Clair. Prethee who is't?

Brif. Sir, that were to diſcloſe my inclinations,
For I extremely like, and that's a-kin to Love.

Clair. And ſha'n't I be your confident?
I'le be very ſecret.

Brif. When I begin to love indeed,
Perchance I then will tell you:
But yet the ſecret is not worth your hearing.

Clair. I'le take your word till then.

Brif. But may I dare to hope
You'l be as free with me?
For you of later years
Have much frequented *Tours*,
'Tis ſure for ſomething.

Clair. I know not whether it be ſafe or no
To truſt young men, like you, with my love-ſecrets.

Brif. Moſt ſafely, Sir.
A man like you needs never fear a Rival,
Eſpecially of me.

Clair. I ſhall be glad to hold you ſtill my friend.

Brif. And I much honour'd in that Title, Sir.

Enter D'orville.

Clair. Governour, your humbleſt ſervant,
I hope you have excus'd my laſt nights trouble.

D'or. You know not, Sir, with what great zeal
I ſtill ſhall court the honour of your preſence.

Clair. I know your goodneſs, Sir, is infinite,
So is my will to ſhow how much I love you.

D'or. I then need envy no man.
But will you pleaſe to ſee the Works this morning?
There are ſome things are lately finiſh'd
Do adde much ſtrength to this fair place.

Clair. With all my heart. Come, I'le go ſee the Works;
Theſe are the off-ſpring of a Souldiers Brain,
Which if they perfect prove, do ſerve to keep
And cheriſh him in's Age from preſſing Foes;
They're Children left to th' Pariſh to maintain,
And we the bold Pariſhioners muſt do it. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter

Enter Beaupres, *and* Bellmont, Luyson, Boy, *as from Travelling.*

Beau. Let the Coach be led about by the Bridge,
We here can pass the River with a Boat,
And land at the Garden-door.

Boy. We shall, Sir.

Beau. Now, fairest *Bellmont*, is the Minute come,
In which your heav'nly charity must grant
All that I e're can wish for in this World,
Or render me the most unhappy in it;
Oh speak my *Bellmont*, are you so resolv'd?

Bellm. Why, Sir? do you think my mind so soon can alter?
You know I promis'd to fulfill your will.

Beau. No certainly, I cannot fear that ill.
But, fairest, if your ears were ever charm'd
With the harmonious sound of one sweet strain,
Would you not wish to hear it play'd agen?
How willingly we hear of joys are past?
But how much more of those we are to taste?
The Fryer will attend us in this walk;
I wonder he appears not yet,
The hour's past I did appoint our coming.

Bellm. But pray, Sir, give me leave to ask a question;
And answer me without dissimulation.

Beau. As to my Ghostly Father, were I dying.

Bellm. I know there are no greater Friends on earth
Than you, dear Sir, and my dear Brother are;
Why do you not impart this business to him?

Beau. I'le tell you.

Bellm. Stay: do you think he doth suspect nothing?

Beau. Truly I think he does not.

Bellm. Pray, Sir, then answer what I first did ask.

Beau. That I am honour'd with his kindest love,
I really believe; and that's one reason why I'm silent to him.

Bellm. That now I do not understand.

Beau. That he does love me, as I said before,
I think most certain; so the reason is
Of all mens perfect love to one another
A great opinion they are belov'd too;
But did he know the passion I have for you,
He then might doubt my friendships perfectness,
And think it join'd with ends upon

His goodneſs to me; and my love to you,
Bred but profeſſion of a love to him.
This, Time I judge could cure him of,
But yet, the doubt I know at firſt will breed
A coldneſs in him; and that coldneſs ſhake
Poor me into ſuch Mortal apprehenſions,
As it would pity you to ſee it.
That he believes I love you, I don't queſtion,
And ſhall do daily more, when you are mine,
For I would have the knowledg grow upon him.
Beſides, ſince that we firmly have reſolv'd that nought
Shall hinder the uniting of our hearts,
Let's ſtrive to meet our bliſs the neareſt way;
And let dull Travellers purſue the Road.

Bellem. If it be bliſs to make you maſter of
A thing I fear's not worth your ſo great joy,
Know, all that pleaſes you, brings ſuch content
Unto my mind, that I ſhall ſtudy ſtill,
Out of ſelf intereſt, how to pleaſe you moſt.
Here, Sir, can this hand by a proxy wed
It's heart to yours, for that was given firſt.

Bean. And I moſt bleſt in this delivery:
But I will now be baſe as Tradeſmen are,
Not truſt, without the bond be ſign'd, and ſeal'd;
'Tis all my wealth, of which I am Covetous.

Enter Fryer.

Here's one can draw it up for ever ſure;
Welcome moſt honored Sir.

Fryer. All happineſs attend you Son,
And to this Lady what my prayers can gain.
I did not think you would be here before me.

Bean. We're making haſte unto our haven, Sir,
And you're the Pilot that we did attend.

Fryer. I know fair Lady you're acquainted with
The purpoſes that my Son did mention to me?

Bellem. I hope a bluſh will be unneceſſary
In actions you allow.
Reverent Sir, I am,
And crave your help as earneſtly as he.

Fryer. Where mutual hearts expreſs the ſame conſent,
Heavens bleſſings give,
As to the proper Emblem of the Church,

And

And may all yours be doubl'd on your heads.

Beau. Thanks, kindeſt Father.

Bellm. Thanks, moſt Reverent Sir.

Fryer. Come, follow me, where I will make you One,
Till death does cancel what you promiſe now:
And may you ſtill hereafter bleſs the minute. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lamarch, Boutefeu, *hanging about* D'elpeche

Lam. Come, come, prethee *D'elpeche* be not ſo nice,
I tell thee thou ſhalt chuſe,
And one will ſerve us both.

D'elpe. On that condition, Gentlemen, I am for you.

Bout. Why, I'm content, I ſwear I'le break no covenants.

D'elpe. Boutefeu, have you your ſpeech ready?
You mention'd one laſt night.

Bout. Yes that I have, pox' do you think I cannot talk
As finely as you, with your Metaphors and tricks?

Lam. Yes that a can, for all a looks ſo.
Well Mounſieur, we ſhall hear what ſport you'l make,
For I am your Rival.

Bout. I but Monſieur, I would ſcarce adviſe you
To make ſport with me before our Miſtris:
D' ye mark that Sir?

Lam. Moſt lovingly I do intend to deal;
What ſhall we be? Centaurs, or Lapithes?
Quarrel about a Wench? no *Pilades*,
I thy *Oreſtes* will be ſtill thy friend,
And yet thy Rival in affection, Bully.

Bout. Hey toſs, hard words, that I forbid in our bargain;
I'le ſnatch away the Wench, if you begin to talk ſo there;
'Sdeath I ſhall be bought, and ſold, and not know what they mean; no, no, I'le have none of that, here's *D'elpeche* can talk hard words enough for us all.

D'elpe. I Sir, but I than't ſteer your courſe,
I'le leave you to the ſtorms of loud Laughter.

Lam. Wee'l begin with you, ha, ha, ha, —— ſee who'l fare
Beſt you or we,

Bout. I, I, then let e'm laugh that win;
Two againſt one is odds at foot-ball.

Lam. Oh I could bite thy lips off for that;
Nay, nay, the tyde comes in, for Wit begins to flow;
Knock, knock, *D'elpeche*, here is the houſe.

D'elpe. Nay the door is open, enter Gentlemen, 'tis
My Lodging. [*Exeunt.*

And Enter again D'elpeche, *leading* Mariane, Lamarch *and* Bourreseu, Francibel.

Franc. 'Tis too much honour, Gentlemen,
And I'm too much acquainted with my self,
Ever to hope that I can please you both.

Bout. P'heu, never fear that, Lady:
If you will, I know you can do more than that does come to.

Franc. As how, good Sir?

Bout. Nay, Souldiers never give an Explication of that they
Say or do.

Lam. They may Sir, to their Mistris,
Without the forfeit of their reputation.

Bout. But what if they w'on't Sir?

Lam. Then they may chuse Sir.

Franc. Most certain Sir, this Gentleman speaks truth.

Bout. Why then I think ye both are answered;
But, Lady, as I was about to tell ye,
I love most passionately when I do begin.

Lam. And I began, the minute that I saw you.

Bout. But that's foul play, to end a speech that I
Began.

Lam. Why Sir? I have not made an end yet.

Bout. Prethee then do, and leave us to our selves,
Or go and help *D'elpeche*, he's out of breath.

D'elpe. 'Tis then with laughing to see your fine dispute.
Ha, ha, ha-----

Mar. Ha, ha, ha, Sister, Sister, ware Guns, ye'are besieg'd.

Franc. Look you to your own affairs, I'm well mann'd,
And can resist the fiercest storm.

Bout. Well said, you need fear no Attacques
As long as we are with you.

D'elpe. Why, Sir, 'tis from you she fears them most,
And from your friend; See, he has ta'ne in
Her hand already. [*Lamar is kissing her hand.*

Bout. Troth now I think I'm ev'n with him. [*Bout kisses the other.*

D'elpe. That thou art, keep still to that, Boy.
See fairest Mistris, how happy those men are
That venture boldly on,
And fear not the mortal Canon of a frown.

Mar. But you more cunningly approach the Fort,

And

And hope to undermine it e're expected.
D'elp. Not I, by this fair hand. [*kisses her hand.*
Mar. You might have ſpar'd the Oath, yet been believ'd.
D'elp. No, I will rather ſwear again, than want credit.
By this fair hand, the Emblem of your mind, [*Again.*
I love you much, yet is my love as pure
As the white Snow this ſo reſembles.
You are too young and innocent to frame
A Rebel thought, were I made up of ill----
Mar. But, good Sir, ſwear no more, I will believe you,
And if you're wiſe, you will believe your ſelf.
D'elp. I will do any thing that you will have me.
Mar. Pray then let's mark how they behave themſelves.
Fran. So have I ſeen a Damſel led to Church,
But by ſuch proper men I ne're ſaw any.
Why, Gentlemen, I have uſe for one hand,
Pray let that go.
Lam. I do, *Bouteſeu*, prethee let her hand go.
Bout. Not I, by Heaven, why don't you, Sir?
Fran. Fie, Gentlemen, Lord how it tickles!
Lam. What does, Madam?
Fran. Why my lip, a flie bit it juſt now.
Bout. That's but an excuſe.
Franc. Sir, may be I've a mind to blow my noſe.
Bout. I'le do't for you with my other hand.
Lam. Nay, rather Madam, I will quit my hold.
Bout. And I'le not be behind-hand in civility.
Fran. I thank ye, Gentlemen, but you, Sir, firſt,
For you did ſhow the way.
Bout. Well, but I let go too.
Franc. You did ſo, Sir, and I thank'd you too.
D'elp. Did you ever ſee ſuch Courtſhip?
Mar. Not I truly, Sir; for pity let's relieve her.
D'elp. Well, Gentlemen, how are ye with your fair
Miſtris?
Lam. Troth like beginners, how are you there?
Bout. Sure that very young Lady is not ſo briſk
In her anſwers.
D'elp. We have beaten a Parly, or rather Truce
For ſome time, for we have left Parlying;
But faireſt *Mariane*, will you but bleſs
Our ears with one ſweet Ayr?

Mar.

Mar. My Sister, Sir, sings much better.

Fran. Nay fie, Sister, now I must say
You shall sing, you should else have wanted
My intreaty; jeer me before company?
You know I never could, nor would sing.

D'elp. I hope her authority and my prayers may be
Successful.

Mar. I will not long be intreated,
For then you will expect much more
Than what you're like to hear from me.

Franc. Sister, prethee sing, *When* Celadon *gave up his heart.*

Mar. No laughing, Gentlemen, I bar that before-hand,
Your pardons I'le beg afterwards.

SONG.

When Celadon *gave up his heart*
A Tribute to Alirea's *eyes;*
She smil'd to see so fair a prize,
Which beauty had obtained, more than Art:
But jealousie did seemingly destroy
Her chiefest comfort, and her chiefest joy.

2.

Base Jealousie, that still doth move
In opposition to all bliss;
And teacheſt those to do amiss,
Who think by thee, they tokens give of Love:
But if a Lover ever will gain me,
Let him love much, but flye all jealousie.

D'elp. And I will be that Lover, Lady;
For I protest I hate the vice extreamly:
The fear of Theeves is worse than the loss we can
Sustain by them: we're still a being rob'd.

Franc. Right, Sir: As the Coward who fears death
Dyes ten thousand times.

Lamar. That Coward am I, Lady,
As often as I cast mine Eyes upon your face,
My heart's at my Mouth, and wants but your
Kind acceptance to be rid of me.

Bout. Or you of it; for a cowardly heart is not
Worth the keeping.

Lamar.

Lamar. Sir, I may make bold with my ſelf, though I could Wiſh you would not.

Franc. Fie, fie, Gentlemen, come give me your hands again, Siſter, prethee one Song *A la Ronde.*

They all joyn hands and dance in a Ring, anſwering all together at the Chorus.

SONG.

Maria. Amarillis *told her Swain,*
Amarillis *told her Swain,* [Chorus etiam bis.
That in love he ſhould be plain
And not think to deceive her.
Chor. { *Still he proteſted on his truth*
{ *That he would never leave her.*

2.

If thou doſt keep thy vow, quoth ſhe,
And that thou ne're doſt leave me, [Chorus bis.
There's ne're a Swain in all this plain
That ever ſhall come near thee
Chor. { *For Garlands and Embroider'd Scrips,*
{ *For I do love thee dearly.*

3.

But Colin *if thou change thy Love,*
But Colin *if thou change thy Love,* [Chorus etiam bis.
A Tygreſs then I'le to thee prove
If e're thou doſt come near me.
Chor. { Amarillis *fear not that,*
{ *For I do love thee dearly.*

Mari. Fie, how I'm out of breath?

Fran. Faith ſo am I too, pray let's go in and take The Air of the Garden.

Lamar. Come, Madam.

Bout. Nay, Sir, take t'other hand, this was mine before.

Lamar. Very good, Sir, go, *D'elpeche*, we'll follow.

[*Pulls* Bout, *by the Belt as he leads in* Francibel.

I would ſpeak with you, leave 'em. [*ſofily.*

Enter again with Bouteſeu.

Lamar. How comes it, Sir, that in a paſtime you dare do Baſe injuries? does your brutality not let you know

How

How you ſhould uſe your friends?

Bout. Brutality! ha! thou art a Brute to ſay ſo, draw.

Lamar. This way a little, there we may be ſpy'd.

Enter Colignii *with Fidlers.*

Colig. God's my life, here they are! how luckily too!
And hard by our houſe! play, Gentlemen, play. [*The Fidlers ſtrike up.*

Bout. What the Devil's this? ſome come to jeer us? [*Beats the Fidlers.*

Colig. Why, Gentlemen, what do ye mean?
Is this for my civility?

Lamar. What civility, thou Aſs?
Prethee be gone, and quickly too.

Colig. So I will, that I will, if you'l put up your Swords;
Why d'ye draw your Swords upon me? I'm ſure I meant
No harm in't, but to make you merry.

Enter D'elpeche.

D'elp. Why, how now, Gentlemen, what's the matter?
Swords drawn? fie, 'tis childiſh thus 'mongſt friends.

Col. O brave, here's our Gueſt, nay, now I care not,
He'll not ſee me wrong'd.
Why, Sir, I came purely to requite the obligation
Ye all did my Siſters laſt night, and truly ſeeing them two,
I thought you had been in the company too, and ſo
I bad the Muſick play, but, Lord, had you ſeen how
That tall Gentleman kick'd 'em, and how angry
This ſame Gentleman was with me;
Why, pray, Captain, what hurt was there in this?
I'm ſure I meant them no more hurt than my own ſoul.

D'elp. Go you home, the Gentlemen are much in drink,
But I'le appeaſe 'em for you, and we'll be all
Friends, and drink together.

Col. Marry, I thought there was ſomething in the matter.
Pox on their drink, they frighted me plaguely;
God b'you noble Captain. [*Exit.*

D'elp. Fie, *Lamarch*, are you not aſham'd, and
You, *Bouteſeu*, Friends and Cam'rades to quarrel
For a Flye, a nothing?

Bout. A queſtion'd me with ſcurvy terms.

Lamar. You us'd me ſcurvily, I'm ſure, Sir.

Bout. Pox! I meant no harm in't,
And had ye askt me civilly, I had told ye ſo.

D'elp. Away with your Punctilios,
They're pretty things to uſe to others, but 'mongſt

Our

Our ſelves, 'tis madneſs; come, let's ſee ye fight, O y'are
Brave Fellows, why don't ye begin? the *Montalto*, the
Reverſo, the *Stoccado*, the *hey*, courage Blades.
Bout. Hang your ſelf, *D'elpeche.*
Lam. Before *George*, we'l try theſe tricks upon thee,
If thou be'ſt not quiet, and two to one, you know,
Boutefeu ſaid was odds.
D'el. Come, ye two Fools, I'le ha' this Fool that was
Here juſt now, make you two Fools Friends. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clairmont, Briſac, Charlotte, La-bar, *Attendants.*

Clair. Madam, it is a ſin beyond a pardon,
But that your Father eaſily cannot err,
In the opinion of the world,
To Cloiſter up a Beauty of ſuch worth,
Fitter for Courts and Princes to admire.
Is it not true, *Briſac?* Why art thou melancholy?
Char. I cann't believe that he's of your opinion.
Briſ. What was it, Madam, that he ſaid?
For, Sir, my thoughts were bent ſo ſtrong,
They took away the ſenſe of all my hearing.
Clair. Why, I was blaming of her Father much,
To bleſs this onely Town with his fair Daughter,
And render all that's *France* beſides unhappy
In the privation of her faireſt preſence.
Briſ. I do not doubt ſhe'd be the faireſt light
In any Hemiſphere ſhe pleas'd to ſhine in,
But ſhe can find many Adorers here,
And not like Prophets, loſe her light at home.
Clair. But Heav'n would have us all admire its work,
As all ſhould this the faireſt it e're made.
Briſ. Conſider then how many Hereticks
This glorious contemplation muſt needs make,
For many would ne're think how Heav'n made her,
But think her Heav'n her ſelf.
Charl. I'm glad I can ſo aptly prove
A ſubject for your mirth or wit.
Clair. Madam, ſuch ſubjects as you are,
I muſt confeſs, do heighten wit,
For they do rarifie by pureſt flames
The dulleſt Lovers thoughts and heart.
Briſ. Such ſubjects, Madam, make all ſubject to e'm.
Char. So, Gentlemen, how long can this ſtile laſt?

Brif. As long as we find ſuch fair matter for't,
Which being Infinite in you, may prove Eternal.

Enter Beaupres, Bellmont, Luiſon.

Clair. Briſac, your Siſter.

Brif. Beaupres welcom, welcom dear Siſter. [*They all ſalute.*
Friend have you ſeen the General yet?

Beau. I ſhould be proud you would preſent me to him.

Brif. One that begs the title of your Servant.

Clair. I'm his, I do aſſure you Sir;
For I'm acquainted with his worth already.

Beau. You honor me too much Sir.

Brif. Siſter, I'le make you happy,
In bringing you acquainted with a Lady,
In whoſe fair converſation all that's good
Is to be learn'd.

Bellm. A Loving Brother I have ever found you;
But in this moſt kind.

Char. To me his obligation is ſo great,
That I muſt ſtill remain his thankful debter.

Clair. Labarr, how am I here confounded! [*aſide.*
I cannot ſee 'em both together.
I'm ſorry that ſome bus'neſs calls me hence;
Your Servant Ladies; Gentlemen I'm yours. [*Ex. Clair.*

Brif. What made him go away ſo ſoon?
He mention'd no ſuch haſte when he came hither.

Bellm. I gueſs the Cauſe.

Beau. Peace dear *Bellmont*. [*ſoftly.*

Brif. What is it Siſter?

Bellm. Some buſineſs with the Governor,
What ſhould it be elſe?

Char. I, I; but Madam, are you not extreamly weary?

Bellm. I never can, when I'm ſo near you Madam.

Brif. You ſee the Siſter ſpeaks the Brothers thoughts.

Char. So fair a mouth as hers will ne're want credit.
But come fair Siſter, let me call ye ſo;
You ſee how rude ambitious Love does make me,
Let me conduct you to refreſh your ſelf. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Malignii.

Malig. Hem, *Beaupres*, hem, I'd ſpeak with you alone.

Beau. I'le return immediately.

Malig. I wiſh thou wouldſt to thy firſt nothing.
Thou'rt young and ſtout,

And

And if I can but fire thee----

Enter Beaupres.

Oh you're welcome Sir, you brought the Lady I ſee.

Beau. The Lady, Sir, I went for I have brought.

Malig. Ye have done well,
For people of his quality ought not
To ſtay a Minute for, their Miſtreſſes.
You have made haſte, and us'd much diligence.

Beau. What Quality d'ye mean?
What Miſtreſſes?

Malig. Why, did not ſhe tell you who ſhe came to ſee?
But may be now her mind is altered;
For Women are moſt Fickle.

Beau. Malignii, ſure thou dream'ſt,
Or art diſtemper'd much with Wine;
What is't thou talk'ſt of?

Malig. The fair *Bellmont*,
Clairmont's Miſtris, ſhe whom *Briſac* ſent thee for;

Beau. Oh! is that the buſineſs?
Why I can aſſure you *Clairmont* was not thought of,
When he deſir'd me to go.

Malig. Nor ſhe did not think to meet him here?

Beau. Not that I know of.

Malig. Certainly then you are not very intimate with her.

Beau. Not much, nor don't pretend to't.

Malig. Nay, *Bouteſeu* told me ſo, ye have my Author:
But I was vext to ſee you ſent Ambaſſador,
And Ignorant of what was in the Commiſſion.

Beau. How came *Bouteſeu* acquainted with this ſecret?

Malig. P'heu, he knows more than that,
There's nothing that ſhe ever hideth from him.

Beau. A Horſe, a Fool!

Malig. Does the Worm bite? [*Softly.*
Faith Sir, theſe Horſe Fools ſometimes do take a Lady
More than a ſpruce witty Courtier,
Every one of them have a humor.

Beau. But I miſtake hers much, if hers be ſo.

Mal. I do not ſay it is------
I hope you don't think I had ſuch a meaning.

Beau. I ne're interpret any man:
But what's your buſineſs with me?

Mal. I'm coming to't;

I know you love my Colonel,
And out of that ſame knowledge I muſt tell
You, what does now moſt narrowly concern him.
This fickle General loves *Charlotte* too:
But let not your raſh youth attempt a thing,
In emulation of a friendſhip, not fitting for you,
Then you take a work out of my hands,
I have ambition too: I but crave your counſel.
S'death, a ſhall anſwer for't: Fool *Bellmont*,
And my dear Colonel, 'tis too much,
Nor ſhall that ſawcy Fool, *Bouteſeu*,
Dare more in this to do her right than I:
I think you love her, Brother, too ſo much,
You would not ſee another take his quarrel,
Would ye?

Beau. Pray go on, Sir.

Mal. Why look you, thus I have contriv'd,
Bouteſeu ſhall brave *Clairmont* at every turn,
Who'le ne're endure it.
Bouteſeu is brave, you know, and th'other is
A powerful Enemy:
So theſe two fall by one anothers hands,
And you and I may laugh at either's folly.

Beau. The fame theſe things may breed unto *Bellmont*
Will certainly be great; but how good------

Mal. Who's in fault?
Why deals ſhe with ſo many?

Beau. Peace, Bandog, peace,
Or by Heaven I'le ſend thy Soul [*Draws.*
To its own Manſion, Hell.

Mal. Why what's the matter, Sir?

Beau. I'le tell thee, *Malignii*, I ne're could love thee,
Nor do I think I ever ſhall do much;
Thy converſation is moſt irkſome to me.

Mal. But you ſhall find how much unjuſt you are;
Here, kill me, why don't you thruſt? [*Opens his breaſt.*
I'le die the Martyr unto Truth and Honor.

Beau. How's that thou Devil?

Mal. Since that my friendſhip to your hopeful youth
Has drawn me to this zealous folly,
I ought to ſuffer for't;
Hereafter you may live in ignorance:

And

And ſince you will not grant me for your friend,
At leaſt grant my intentions friendly were,
Or I dare draw my Sword to juſtifie't. [*Draws too.*
Beau. If they unfriendly were to fair *Bellmont*,
They were unjuſt to all that is of honour.
Mal. Hold, *Beaupres*; ſo may my ſoul be bleſt
As I do honour her as much as you,
And this not fear, but truth exacteth from me.
Beau. God b'you, Sir,
I am ſorry thou could'ſt talk me to ſuch paſſion. [*Exit.*
Mal. So, this is ſo plain,
There needeth no Perſpective-Glaſs, I think,
To let me ſee that he does love *Bellmont*.
And though he ſeems ſuch Maſter of his Temper,
Yet if he be a man of fleſh and blood,
Theſe things muſt buz in's head;
And I'le take care *Briſac* ſhall underſtand
A buffel which muſt needs defame his Siſter.
I care not if *Clairmont* or *Bouteſeu*
Do periſh in his wildneſs, he muſt follow.
Like Ship-wrack'd men catch at the floating board
Another's faſten'd on, and ſhove him off;
So in the Tempeſt of deſpis'd love,
We ſhove all Rivals to eternal loſs.
Then blame not perjury in ſuch a caſe,
We may do all to gain a Rivals place.

Enter Briſac, Bellmont.

Briſ. Do you not wonder I have ſtole you thus
Unto a privacy, and diſturb'd your reſt?
Bell. If there lie ought within my ſervice for you,
Reſt is unfit till I have done that duty.
Briſ. Hey ho!
Bell. Why ſigh you, Sir?
Briſ. Ah, Siſter! pity the paſſion of almighty Love!
Bell. What means my deareſt Brother?
You do not ſpeak to me, your thoughts are
Somewhere elſe.
Briſ. But I to you muſt utter all thoſe thoughts,
For you are only fit to eaſe them now;
Would you do much, *Bellmont*, to eaſe your Brother?
Bell. All that a Brother ever could expect
From one that does moſt dearly love him.

Briſ.

Brif. Siſter, I am undone,
My heart is conquer'd, and I know not well
What mercy to expect from her has won it.
Bell. But how can I expreſs my ſervice in't?
Brif. Oh much, fair Siſter,
Very much you may:
She'll hear you ſpeak without an interruption,
And much ought to be ſaid
Where I do love ſo much.
Bell. I'le ſay all what you'l have me: but to whom?
Brif. And can you well deſcribe my paſſion, Siſter?
For I would have the Copy that you draw
Come very near the ſad original:
Paint forth each ſigh and doubtful groan I give,
The wound that every look imprinteth here,
The mighty ſtorm is rais'd by groundleſs hope,
And the ſad ſhipwrack that deſpair will bring;
The mighty mercy in a promis'd bliſs
Will make me ever happy, 'bove my merit,
And all this joyn'd with your ſweet Rhetorick,
(For Women will hear all that Women ſay)
Implore reward for one who, 'gainſt his will
Is now become a ſlave unto her beauty,
Which is, you know, unjuſt, and yet I crave it,
And without which I die, reward had been
More due, if I 'ad will'd the thraldom not foreſeen.
Bellm. Yet, Sir, I'm ignorant
Before what Judge I am to plead your Cauſe.
Brif. And I had quite forgot to tell ye,
Or may be I am grown ſo covetous of her,
That I am loth to give her name to th' air.
But, Siſter, can't you gueſs who 'tis I mean?
If that a born-blind man recover'd ſight,
And heard me tell him that the glorious Sun
Was th' only object which ſhould dazzle him
Above all other,
He'd wink, and point unto that glittering Star,
And by approved reaſon ſay, 'Tis that:
Prethee, dear Siſter, gueſs.
Bellm. Is it not my new acquaintance, the fair *Charlotte*?
Brif. Oh 'tis! the faireſt that I ever ſaw.
Bellm. Brother, relie on me,

If I do fail to do you ſervice,
It ſhall be want of power, not of will.
Briſ. Thou beſt of Siſters! ever call me ſlave
To all thy Virtues, if thou doſt but this.
Bellm. Sir, I dare promiſe nought, I'le do my beſt. [*Exit.*
Briſ. So does the Merchant that in one rich fraight
Ventures his whole Eſtate, expect return,
Sails in his mind o're Waves as troubleſome
As his fair Ship doth in the greateſt ſtorm,
Which if it ſcape, returning richly home,
He fearleſs is of ſtorms in time to come. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Bouteſeu, Maligni.

Bout. 'SDeath, I care not, I,
For him nor all his anger,
Let him be pleas'd again
If that he be diſpleas'd without a cauſe.
Mal. He ſays ye are a Horſe,
A thing unfit for humane converſation,
And of ſo leud a Tongue,
No Woman you once ſpoke to e're could ſcape ye.
Bout. But I dare venture, Sir, a thouſand Crowns
You'l hardly get him for to tell me this.
Mal. Not but he's ſtout enough, but 'twould diſpleaſe
The Colonel (to quarrel here) and that he will not do;
He ſaid, he'd give the world for an occaſion.
Bout. And that he ſhall not want:
Prethee, dear Major, tell him I'd ſee him with
His Sword in's hand.
Mal. Fie, *Bouteſeu*, are you mad?
Will you thus lay your ſelf open to your Enemies?
He is the Colonel's neareſt friend;
And if I be ingag'd, whom will you have
To work your buſineſs for you?
Beſides, you'l find his coldneſs ſtraight,
And you may then occaſion find enough

To

To make him angry; 'twill be much better
It ſhould come from him.
Bont. But how? which way?
For I do long to chide his Boyiſh cenſure.
Mal. Clairmont to night does give the Ball,
The Banquet he has ſent to fair *Charlotte*;
You'l find him leading of *Bellmont*,
And there you may put ſome ſlight upon him,
As taking her to dance out of his hand,
Or twenty other things, done, as 'twere, by chance,
Which he will never ſuffer.
Bont. Not ſuffer! 'S death a ſhall,
And thank the doer too, that he may live.
God b'you, mark but the end of this. [*Exit.*
Mal. Yes, I will mark it, Sir, moſt heedfully.
What a hot-brain'd fool is this?
He faſter runs to ruine than I'd have him;
For if he kills *Beaupres*, his ruine's ſure;
If not, *Beaupres* moſt certainly kills him,
And then I think he'll hardly ſtay in Town.
Oh my dear brain, work, work more miſchief yet;
I have it-----
I muſt needs render him ſuſpitious to
Briſac; but here is ſome more caution needful,
Raſhly to run between two ſuch ſworn friends
Is dangerous, nor is *Briſac* ſo ſottiſh,
To judge without ſome proof of a meant injury:
Nor muſt a find me tripping, if he do,
'Tis I muſt welcome then a double Foe.
But e're my hopes to ſad deſpair be hurl'd,
I'le open War declare 'gainſt all the world. [*Exit.*

Enter Bellmont, Charlotte, *as in a Garden.*

Bellm. But let me beg to know your neareſt thoughts,
For friendſhip in all men grows up by truſt,
And ſure 'mongſt Women it is much the ſame.
Charl. Begin to ſhow example in this kind,
For I do know your thoughts ſo noble are,
That they are fit to take example by,
And I would be a Learner.
Bellm. Of me? fie, Sifter, now you do abuſe your friend.
Charl. Indeed I never meant it:
What ſhall we talk of? for I do believe

That

That all the world to us is ſo indifferent,
We ſhall like no diſcourſe but of our ſelves.
Bell. I fear ſo too:
But I have a Brother that I muſt love,
For he deſerves it from me.
Charl. Heigh: I have a Father too, but theſe are Kindred.
Bellm. 'Tis true: but come, I'le truſt ye with a ſtory.
Charl. You will oblige me;
Beſides, I'le promiſe ſecreſie.
And if in ought I ever can but ſerve you,
I ſhall eſteem my ſelf moſt happy.
Bell. That you ſhall judge when you have heard me out.
There is a man that's near related to me,
That loves the faireſt Virgin in the world,
His love began with the firſt ſight of her,
But has been ſeldom bleſt with that fair ſight,
And knowing too that he can ne're deſerve her,
Loves much, hopes little, and dare never own't.
Charl. Alas! I pity him.
Bell. I wiſh you did.
Charl. Why can you think that any thing near you
Shall ever want my wiſhes for his good?
But pray ye on; Why can he ne're deſerve her?
Bell. Not but their Quality are very equal,
But ſhe is fair and good above the common.
Charl. Is he not virtuous too?
Bell. He is believ'd of all to be ſo:
Nor would I pity him, if I did doubt it,
But there be great oppoſers to his good.
Char. A brave good man needs never fear a Rival.
Bell. His modeſty (a ſign where virtue dwells)
Perſwades him ſtill he is not good enough
To be belov'd by the fair *Charlotte*.
Charl. How, prethee, dear Siſter, leave me.
How ſeriouſly ſhe kept her countenance?
None to abuſe but your poor Servant thus?
Bell. Truſt me, I do not jeſt, *Charlotte*;
And did you know but half ſo much as I,
You would afford much pity, if not love.
Charl. Who e're it be, h'as found a cunning Orator,
And one 'bove all the world that has moſt power with me:
But give me leave to ſpeak as freely to you,

And cenſure not my freedom as a gift,
For I have ſuch a great opinion of ye,
That I durſt tell you all my ſouls affections;
I do love, nay, love extremely,
And one that is nearly related to you;
One too, that never yet did ſpeak of Love,
Nor do I think he can mean any to me;
If it prove he, I ſhall moſt gladly hear you;
If not, then, dear *Bellmont*, I'le beg
You ne're will ſpeak, to move my juſt refuſal,
For I can never love another man.

Bell. 'Tis poor *Briſac*, may he e're hope for mercy?

Charl. Pray hear me, for I do reſolve
To be moſt free and open with ye;
You are o'th' Sex, and equally concern'd
To keep all things within the ſacred Rule
Of friendſhip, and of maiden-modeſty.
You know it were unfit that men ſhould know
When we are eaſily conquer'd.

Bell. Leave that to my diſcretion,
But tell me firſt, is it *Briſac?*

Char. It is, O 'tis!
But may I take your word, that he loves me?

Bell. You may; nay, do not hide your face,
D'ye think I'le vent the freeneſs of your talk?
You ſhall ſee how diſcreetly I'le manage him;
For though he be my Brother,
Yet you're a Woman, and my deareſt friend.

Char. Uſe me with care, as e're you hope for good,
And conſtrue not too hard my confeſs'd weakneſs;
Remember 'twas your Brother conquer'd me.

Bell. Your freeneſs ſpeaks how innocent you are,
Far more than all tricks of a forc'd diſſembling.

Char. I hope you will believe ſo, pray, Siſter, do.

Bell. Come, come, indeed I will.

Char. Lord how ſhall I look? would I had not told you.

Bell. Nay, why ſo? you are unkind in this,
He ſhall not know how much you have confeſs'd,
And yet I'le give him hopes enough to court ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Malignii, Luyſon.

Mal. That's my good Wench.
Thou know'ſt I ever lov'd thee.

Lu. What would you have me tell you, Sir?
I cannot, nor I will not feign a lye.
Mal. But 'tis impoſſible thou ſhould'ſt ſee nothing,
How wert thou wont to find them?
Lu. What ends have you in this?
I thought when you came ſo privately,
It was to uſe ſome of your former ſleights
For the undoing of a harmleſs Maid.
O you're a fine Gentleman, and kept your word well with me.
Mal. Truſt me, I love thee dearly, Wench,
And that e're long thou'lt find too;
But things are not yet as they ſhould be.
Lu. What things? what ſhould be?
O the diſſembling of you men!
When ye have once had your ends,
Ye care not a pin for us Women.
Mal. Fie, *Luyſon*, do not think ſo.
But prethee tell me, Wench,
Did they never ſend thee away on ſleeveleſs errands?
Lu. Not that I remember, but I have often left them
Alone together.
Mal. That's my good Girl:
And did'ſt thou never find Letters?
Lu. Not I indeed, Sir, why d'ye ask?
Mal. I have a reaſon for it,
Which much concerns thy good;
If thou canſt poſſibly, prethee get thy Lady
To walk here when 'tis late to night,
When that the Ball is done, for coolneſs.
Lu. I'le do any thing you'l have me,
But pray be not you the cauſe that I be chid,
And remember what you ſo long have promis'd.
Mal. I will indeed, *Luyſon*, this kiſs, and farewell.

[*Ex. Luyſon, Malignii.*

Enter Briſac, Malignii.

Briſ. I am glad I have met with you, for I was alone;
Have you ſeen *Beauprez* lately?
Malig. No, Sir: but I was ſeeking you.
Briſ. Me, Major? What's thy buſineſs, honeſt *Malignii*?
Malig. My duty firſt of waiting on you, then a mind I had
To talk in private wi' ye 'bout a bus'neſs.
Briſ. Though I am much unfit for bus'neſs now,

Yet thee I'le hear at any time.

Malig. Pray, Sir, d'ye think I love you?

Brif. Why doſt thou queſtion it?
Indeed I do?

Malig. And do n't you know't hath been my chiefeſt care
To mind what does concern you and your good?

Brif. I ever had but juſt opinion of you.

Malig. Certainly then a looker on may ſee
More at all games, than thoſe that are in play.

Brif. When they do underſtand the game, they may.

Malig. Right.
Then freely let me tell you, Sir, you're wrong'd.

Brif. Wrong'd? by whom?
'Tis baſe to do it ſo, that I ſhould miſs the knowledge.

Malig. Thoſe that dare do injuries to friends,
Dare ne're ſuſpect that they ſhould underſtand it.
Beaupres's your friend, he might have told you on't.

Brif. By Heav'n I know he would, aſſoon as you,
Did he but once ſuſpect it.

Malig. Why, Sir, this heat to me?
I have never deſerv'd it from you.

Brif. Pardon me, *Malignii*,
But when you name my Friend,
And tax him with a want of care to me,
It troubles me.
Pray to the buſineſs; for I know he knows it not.

Malig. Better than any man.

Brif. Come, you are miſtaken----
I know him better----
If you once ſuſpect his friendſhip to me,
I juſtly may ſuſpect all what you ſay.

Malig. I ha' done, Sir.

Brif. How done? will you not tell me then
Where I am wrong'd?

Malig. You will not hear me, Sir.

Brif. Faith but I will: methinks it does concern me.

Malig. Know ye of no addreſſes made to your Siſter?

Brif. Not I.

Malig. Then they are conceal'd, it ſeems.

Brif. It ſeems ſo; but if they honourable be,
Why ſhould I be concern'd?

Malig. 'Twere fit you knew it though,

Women are things that may be overcome,
And need ſometimes a Brothers Counſel.
Briſ. Why then you do ſuſpect my Siſters virtue?
Malig. Not I, by all that's good:
And yet I would not have her wrong'd.
Briſ. Nor ſhall ſhe be by the beſt he that breaths.
Malig. Promiſe me then you will with ſtricteſt eye
Obſerve all things that may concern her,
You'l find who then is moſt your friend,
And who's the franker dealer with you, I,
Or thoſe that heedfully do blind your Eyes,
More at this time you ſhall not get from me:
But when your knowledge beginneth to be toucht,
You'l hearken to me better, and take counſel.
Briſ. I'le do ſo now;
Good Major, tell me what thou knoweſt.
Malig. By Heav'n not I:
And yet you ſha'not ſcape the knowledge.
Briſ. But 'twill be kindlier done, if 't comes from thee.
Malig. Not I; why ſhould I venture for the name
Of making enmity betwixt two men?
Ye are too great for me to come between,
And joining once again I'm cruſht to nothing.
Briſ. Shall I receive no more injury mean time,
For want of this ſame knowledge?
Malig. No, I'le take care for that.
Farewel; yet Colonel look about ye,
I ſay no more: when ye get a glimpſe
Come to me, I'le help your Sight ſomewhat further.
Briſ. What Devil is't he aims at? [*Exit* Malig.
This fellow is ſo jealous in his nature,
All that he looks on is ſo magnifi'd,
That what t'others ſeems a Mote, to him
Appears a Mountain;
Beaupres elſe, as well as he, could ſpye it.
You are too great for me to come between;
Sure then 'tis no mean man does court my Siſter.
Ha! *Clairmont* the General has often been
Aſſiduous in his viſits to her; and now courts
The fair *Charlotte*; Curſe of all fools, 'tis he;
I, I, 'twas he that *Malignii* did mean,
He courts my Miſtris too, why here's occaſion?

I'm

I'm glad of that yet; for I ne're ſhall brook a Rival.
Yet ſure he durſt not wrong my Siſter.
For Frenchmen freely viſit whom they like
For wit or entertainment, without a Scandal.
Here ſhe is, I'le know the worſt on't.

Enter Bellmont.

Bellm. Brother, you're well met.
I ha' news for you.

Briſ. And Siſter, I have ſome for you.

Bellm. For me, dear brother? what is't?

Briſ. Nay, let me hear your's firſt,
Mine may be told at leiſure.

Bellm. You know what you enjoin'd me to,
I have been no ill Orator.

Briſ. How dear *Bellmont*? does ſhe know I love her,
And is ſhe not offended at that knowledge?

Bellm. Not much, I have appeaſed all;
You have free leave to viſit, and to talk:
But uſe this liberty with much diſcretion,
I am ingag'd for't.

Briſ. With the ſame reverence I would call
Upon a Patron Saint, I ſtill ſhall crave
Her goodneſs to me. But prethee tell me, Siſter,
D'you think ſhe ever will love me?
May be her friendſhip unto you
Has gain'd this bounty for me.

Bellm. There is ſome liking too of you:
You elſe had gone without it.
But you have got a powerful Rival,
Not with her; but one who gaineth once the Fathers mind,
Boldly attacques the Daughter without controul.
Therefore be you diſcreet.

Briſ. In that I will be govern'd ſtill by you;
But pray you tell me, Siſter, is't not *Clairmont*
That you do mean?

Bellm. Yes, Sir.

Briſ. I've heard that he did once pretend to you.

Bellm. A gallantry, nothing elſe, Sir.

Briſ. But Siſter make not ſo ſlight on't,
For 'tis much taken notice of.
And I dare force him ſtill to do you reaſon.

Bellm. Me? Alas I can claim none of him,

Nor

Nor would I, if I could.

Briſ. The man's not ſo inconſiderable, Siſter.

Bellm. O Brother! let me beg you'l take
Some other way to rid you of a Rival,
Make not me ſuffer all the effects of hate
For your great Love.
There's nothing I would wave to do you ſervice,
But this I beg, you ne're will mention more.

Briſ. So much averſion muſt needs ſpring from wrong.
I will ne're force thee, Siſter. Come let's in—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hoſt, *and his Wife.*

Hoſt. Nay, prethee weep not Chuck: I'le warrant thee
There's no body will take the Houſe off their hands,
Now we have left it.

Wife. But what an inhumane dog to turn us out
Juſt when theſe Blades were come to Town?
O the tearing Cuſtomers we ſhould have had!

Hoſt. No matter, no matter, God's precious,
They cannot hinder me my ſtanding on the Kings ground,
And we will vent our Merchandiſe here
In ſpite of their Noſes; ſet down the Table Chuck,
There, there, ſo, lay the Stools under it.
Pox let's be merry for all this Chuck.
Hang ſorrow, care will kill a Cat.

Wife. Truly Husband, I believe that's the reaſon
Ours dy'd this morning.

Hoſt. Away, Woman, away——

SINGS.

When as King Peppin *rul'd in* France,
A King of wondrous might,
He that could the Coranto dance,
Was ſtraightways made a Knight.

If any paſs this way, I'm ſure they'l ſtop,
For here's man's meat, and woman's meat;
Thou for the men, and I for the women;
At the Sign of St. *Anthony*'s Pig.

Wife. But why have you chang'd the Sign we had before?

St. *Lewis*

St. *Lewis* is as much reſpected in this Country.

Hoſt. I, but you know the Prodigal Child thruſt out of Doors, kept company with Pigs (good Wife) and Sows.

Wife. 'Tis true, and with Hogs (good Husband) and Hogs.

Hoſt. Away thou *Cockatrice*; peace, here's company.

Enter Colignii, D'elpeche, Mariane, Lamarch, Francibel.

SINGS.

Pleaſe you, Mounſieurs, entertain
The Damoiſels ye bring;
Here's Cheer, there ne're was ſuch in Spain,
And Wine would fox a King.

Here's Capons that from Bruges *came*
In poſt for expedition,
And Veal ſo white, that none in Gant
Can come in competition.

Here's Sallet myſtick ſavour has
As myſtick as the colour,
A Lover being put to graſs,
Pickt it againſt Love's dolour.

Here's vin de Bon, vin de Champaign,
And vin de Celeſtine,
And here is that they call Bouru,
Which to Loves Sports incline.

Sa, Sa, Mounſieurs, what have you a mind to?

Colig. Odd's my life, Gentlemen, here is the braveſt Fellow I ever read of in all my Travels; Pray friend, what ſhow do you repreſent?

Hoſt. Show, Sir?

Col. I, ſhow, Sir, does that offend you? Uds fiſh, I care not a fart an' you be offended at ſhow, Sir. What do you wear that in your Hat for, Sir, If it be not for a ſhow, Sir, ha?

Hoſt. Why, for a Sign, Sir.

Col. For a Sign? why are you the Poſt? Ha, ha, ha, ha, a very good Jeſt;

Did

Did not I put a very good jeſt upon him, Gentlemen ?

Hoſt. Yes you did, a very good jeſt, ha, ha, ha, 'twas a very good Jeſt i'faith, Gentlemen.

Colig. Why ſo it was, Sir, for all your ſneering.

Hoſt. Why ſo I thought, Sir, 'tis very ſtrange you will be ſo Angry without cauſe.

Franc. So, ſo, Gentlemen, my Brother's taken up.

De'lpe. I, I, let him alone, let's mark e'm.

Colig. Why Sir without a cauſe? I was angry at ſomething, I was angry at a poſt, and there you have it again, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Hoſt. I'm glad you are pleas'd again; for I find your Wits riding poſt, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Colig. A pig, a pig, a pig, ha, ha, ha.

Hoſt. 'Tis the ſign of the Pig, and I'm the Maſter of the Cabaret, which ſhall give you moſt excellent content.

Colig. Say'ſt thou ſo honeſt fellow? faith thou art a very merry honeſt fellow; Siſters, I'le treat you and theſe Gentlemen, at this Cabaret he talks of; Prethee honeſt Friend where is this Cabaret? for I long to be in a Cabaret.

Hoſt. Why here Sir, ſit down at this Table, And call for what you will.

D'elpe. How's this, how's this? S'death are you one of *Urganda*'s Squires? pray friend whence ſhall the meat, And wine come?

Lamar. From *Tripoli* on a Broom-ſtick.

Hoſt. Pray Gentlemen, hinder me not the Cuſtom of the young gallant, Entreat but theſe Ladies to ſit down, and break my head if you be not Well treated, I'le deſire no favour.

Colig. Nor no mony neither, I hope Sir.

Hoſt. Truly I won't; if you be not pleas'd above expectation, Ne'r truſt one again of my profeſſion.

D'elpe. Faith Ladies this may prove worth our Curioſity; Come we will ſit down.

Maria. What you pleaſe, Sir.

Colig. That's my good Siſter; Come, come, La Couvert, La Couvert.

Lam. This begins to look like ſomething, he's bravely ſtuft I'le warrant you, he is ſo well hung.

Colig. Now Sir, a cold breſt of your delicate white Veal.

Hoſt. Here you have it Sir.

Colig. Nay, nay, and a ſallet good Sir, a ſallet.

Hoſt. Well, Sir, I muſt untruſs a poynt.
Colig. How, Sir, to give us a ſallet? why have you been at graſs?
D'elp. Why d'ye want a boil'd ſallet, Mounſieur?
Lamar. Before St. *Lewis* an excellent Trimming,
I'le ha' my next Suit, that I go into the Campaign with,
Trimm'd all with Sauſages.
Maria. 'Twill make many a hungry Souldier aim at you.
Colig. Well thought on i'faith, Sir.
Come friend, a diſh of Sauſages, a diſh of Sauſages.
Hoſt. Why look you, Sir, this Gentleman only miſtook
The placing, theſe do better in a Belt.
Franc. A ſtrange fellow this.
D'elp. I, is it not? come, Sir, Wine we ſee you have:
Prethee let's taſte the beſt.
Hoſt. That you ſhall, Sir;
If you'l hear Muſick, and a Song with't,
I'm ready: you ſhall want nothing here.

SINGS.

Ye may Tipple, and Tipple, and Tipple all out,
Till ye baffle the Stars, and the Sun face about.

D'elp. Away with your drunken Songs, have you nothing
Fitter to pleaſe the Ladies?
Hoſt. Yes, Sir.
D'elp. Come away with it then.

Hoſt *Sings.*

Colig. Moſt excellent i'faith! Here's to thee honeſt fellow
With all my heart, nay ſtay a little, this is very good Wine;
Here's to thee again----hearke you honeſt fellow,
Let me ſpeak with you aſide.
D'ye count here by pieces, or d'ye treat by the head?
Hoſt. I'le treat by the head, Sir, if you pleaſe;
A Crown a head, and you ſhall have excellent cheer,
Wine as much as you can drink.
Colig. That's honeſtly ſaid; you know my Father friend,
'Tis Mounſieur *Cortaux.*
Hoſt. Yes, Sir, the famous Scrivener here of *Tours.*
Colig. Well, treat us very well, I'le ſee thee paid.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Nay Sir, I'le ſee my ſelf paid, I'le warrant you,
Before you and I part.
Colig. I do mean it ſo, honeſt friend, but prethee
Speak not a word to the Gentlemen, for then
You quite diſgrace, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant.
Hoſt. Mum, a word to the wiſe is enough.
Colig. Come, come, Friend where's the Capon of *Bruges*
You laſt ſpoke of?
Hoſt. Here at hand, Sir; Wife undo my Helmet,
This, Sir, is my Creſt.
D'elp. A very improper one for a marri'd man.
Colig. Yes faith and troth, he ſhould have had horns, ha, ha, ha,
Here's to ye, noble Captain, a very good jeſt
As I am a Gentleman.
D'elp. I thank you, Sir!
Colig. Methinks you are melancholy, Sir!
Lamar. Not I, Sir, I can aſſure you: Ladies, how
Like ye the ſport? an odd Collation, but well contriv'd.
Fran. The contrivance is all in all.
Maria. What makes my Brother kneel, look, look Siſter.
Colig. Here's a health to our noble Colonel,
Gentlemen, ye ſee 'tis a good one!
D'elp. Yes, and a large one, but if both drink it,
How ſhall we lead your Siſters home?
Colig. No matter, hem: here 'tis Gentlemen, *ſuper Naculum*,
Come, come, a Tanſey, Sirrah, quickly.
D'elp. Has pos'd ye there mine Hoſt.
Hoſt. That's as time ſhall try, look ye here, Sir.
The lining of my Cap is good for ſomething.
Lamar. Faith this was unlook'd for.
D'elp. S'fiſh I think all his apparel is made of commendable
Stuff; has he not Ginger-bread-ſhoes on?
Hoſt. No truly, Sir: 'tis ſeldom call'd for in a Tavern,
But if ye call'd for a diſh of Pettitoes, 'twere
But plucking off my Wife's Buskins.
Fran. We'll rather believe than try.
Colig. S'foot, I'le puzzle him now; a Chamber pot,
Quickly, Sirrah, a Chamber, O' O' O', quickly.
Hoſt. Here, Sir, you ſee it ſerves for a good Cap with
Feathers in't. This won't do, do ye'r worſt:
Gallant I'le fit ye; call for what ye pleaſe.
Colig. Nay I've no need on't, faith thou art a brave

Fellow: Here's mine Hosts health, Gentlemen.

D'elp. Could you procure these Ladies a dish of Cream Sir, this will shew your Master-piece!

Host. 'Tis the only weapon I fight at; look ye Gentlemen, the thunder has melted my sword in the scabbard, But 'tis good, taste it.

D'elp. Th'ast my Verdict to be the wonder of Hosts, Shalt have a Patent for't if I have any Power at Court.

La'm. This is excellent, Monsieur *Colignii*, I'le pledge you his health now.

Colig. Why Sir, would you not have it otherwise?

La'm. What if I would not, Sir?

Colig. Then I would have made you, Sir.

Lam. Nay, now th'art down, prethee sleep, Or rise and take thy Hosts Wife to dance. [Colignii *falls as he rises drunk.*

Colig. So I can Sir for all you!

Fran. Lord! how soon he got drunk!

Host. Why I told him he might drink as much as he would, And ye see he has claw'd it.

D'elp. Prethee, honest Friend, play us a Dance, Come faith, Ladies let's be merry.

Mari. As Crickets we, Come Sister!

La'm. Some say the World is full of holes! [La'mar. *sings.* Play that Friend.

Fran. I do, do (though the Tune and Song be very witty And old) the Dance is very pretty and new.

The Dance.

Fran. Truly I'm very weary.

La'm. We'll sit and repose.

Mar. O Lord, Sister, you know the Ball is to night; We must go home first, to adjust our selves.

De'lp. We'll wait on you Madam. Fellow! [*Whispers.*

Host. I dare not, Sir, this Gentleman has commanded the contrary.

De'lp. Well come then Ladies, Friend have you a care of him.

[*Ex. D'elp. La'm. Fran. Mar.*

Host. I shall Sir,
A most special care, I'le warrant ye.
I'le first get him out of the way, to sleep himself sober.

Colig. What would you have, Friend?

Prethee

Prethee reach a pillow.
Hoſt. Troth you have pos'd me now Sir;
But if you'l riſe, here 'tis; carry it your ſelf,
Come wee'l go ſleep in the ſhade,
Wife take up the Table and ſtools,
Come I'le help you.
Colig. Come, come a long boys,
Valiant and ſtrong boys-------hoop, hey boys. [*Ex.*

Enter Beaupres, Bellmont.

Bell. My Brother, Sir, is infinitely kind,
For I have done him ſervice.
Beau. And be you infinitely careful too, *Bellmont*,
For there be Tongues; moſt wicked Tongues.
Bell. None that dare ever wrong my dear *Beaupres*,
And for my ſelf,
I ne're ſhall ſhame the owning of my Love.
Beaup. I fear you do not underſtand me right,
And yet I am glad you do not too,
For Innocence, in what I mean, looks lovely,
And Ignorance here, more beauteous is than knowledg.
Bell. I am ſo far from knowing what you mean,
That I can't gueſs it, Sir;
For Heav'ns ſake tell me, what is't,
Have I offended? I will beg a pardon,
Not for my will, but my unwilling fault.
Beau. I hope you need none:
But dear *Bellmont* be careful,
Remember who and whoſe you are;
Plague o' this Dog, how does he make me talk!
Nay, be not melancholy;
'Twas not of you I ſpoke,
But ſomething I have heard to day,
And of a Virgin too, ſo Innocent,
That after it I ne're ſhall think one free
From ſlanderous Tongues.
Bell. Yet I may hope to be the onely free;
Since I will ne're the leaſt occaſion give;
If it appear to all the World a Malice,
'Twill be a foil to ſet my Virtues off,
Or rather yours; For all I have of good is ſo;

And

And may the Heavens ſtill make me fitter for you,
Or take my life, e're I unfitting grow
To cope with that fair worth and honour in you.

Beaup. O thou beſt of Women!
Make me not bluſh too much, becauſe
You did not underſtand my ſecret meaning
My thoughts were hurri'd and I angry grew
To think on mens blaſpheming Tongues
Againſt ſo fair an innocence!

Bell. Who is it, dear *Beaupres*, that is ſo wrong'd?
I will grow angry too; for we're concern'd
In all that's good and virtuous, to defend 'em;
It were as great a ſin
To leave a Cauſe, the gods ſhould undertake:
Nay, they at laſt will bleſs it, and us too
For ſiding with it.

Beaup. It ſhall be ſtill my Pray'r:
But, dear *Bellmont*, after the Ball is done,
I'le ſlip into the Garden, pray come to me:
From whence we may contrive,
How I may get into your Chamber.
You will not ſcrupulous grow, to meet me now
At theſe late hours of night?

Bell. Indeed I ought to be moſt ſcrupulous;
Should any ſee't, the cenſure they would give
(Not knowing what has paſt) my fame undone,
And what we after ſay, not be believ'd.

Beaup. I cann't blame your care:
But here it grows too nice,
Will you not truſt me with your actions now?
I to my ſelf will anſwer all that happens.

Bell. You may command me any thing,
I'le do my duty, and not fail to come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clairmont *and* Charlotte.

Clair. But, Madam, may I never hope,
By my aſſiduous and moſt humble ſervice
To gain an intereſt in your inclination?
Tell me but what you'l have me be?

Charl. Your ſelf, my Lord!
And think me as I am,

Too

Too much below your leaſt conſideration.
Clair. 'Twere blaſphemy in any man to ſay ſo,
And much unkind in you it is:
But like to Notes, when as they neareſt are,
And not the ſame,
They ſound ſo differently, that one would think
Thoſe fartheſt, which with one ſmall turn,
Agree in all, and frame one harmony.
Faireſt *Charlotte*, can nothing, nothing move ye?
Charl. Yes, my Lord!
You do, to tell you freely all my thoughts:
For I do honour much your worthy perſon;
But when ye talk of Love,
It is by me ſo little underſtood,
That all the explanation you e're give
Will never make me knowing in the Language.
Clar. Will you then give me leave
To try your Father, he can better ſpeak,
And having ſpoken, be better underſtood,
By one who is his Daughter, and obedient;
I cann't diſlike this Maiden backwardneſs,
Loth to beſtow your ſelf, without his knowledge.
Charl. That I eſteem you honourable,
My Lord, you now ſhall ſee; ſince I dare beg
A Boon; and a ſtrong Boon it is to beg:
You being young (and as you ſay) moſt loving,
Call then thoſe virtues to your aid
That you are Maſter of,
And I conjure you by them all,
That you ne're preſs my Father in this buſineſs;
You may command a thouſand hearts,
Do not then plunder mine,
Or make uſe of Authority to force it;
'Twill not be worth your owning, if ye do,
For 'twill be broke, moſt miſerably broke.
Clair. Then 'tis averſion, not a Maidens bluſh,
That makes you thus deny me!
Charl. Indeed you are to blame to call it ſo,
I know you would not have me lie
And pay your real with one that's feign'd;
My Friendſhip and my beſt reſpects
You ever ſhall command.

Clair.

Clair. It was unjuſt to cauſe me to love ſo much
When I want wherewithal to make you kind!
But promiſe to be juſt in this,
Endeavour but as much as e're you can,
(Since you will have it ſo)
To love you leſs.
Thus you going forward, and I going back,
Perchance at laſt we may much nearer grow;
For did I let mine be as now it is,
The Flame of all the world could ne're arrive
To ſuch a Height,
And I the lighted Beacon
A Torrent unto ruine, blaze alone.

Char. 'Tis I, my Lord, that muſt complain of Fate,
That ſee ſuch Virtues in a mind;
So rich a preſent as a heart like yours,
And have not one, wherewith to pay the bearer.

Clair. And muſt I ſuffer all this Torment too,
That you would grateful be, yet ſay you cann't?
O ye Gods, forbid *Charlotte* to frown upon my action,
And I will ſend ten Thouſand Rivals to ye,
Were they made up in one;
For they muſt ſure be bleſſed that can gain
Th' affections of ſo fair a Virgin here!

Char. The Gods are juſter, Sir, than to permit,
You ſhould do harm to what did never wrong ye,
He ne're laid claim to what you could call yours.

Clair. But he has rob'd me of my ſouls delight,
Such Treaſure as the world compar'd to it,
Would fall ſo ſhort of all compariſon,
As none but Fools would ever offer at it;
And yet I cannot blame him,
To make ſo fair a prize of this.
Who would not Pyrate turn, 'gainſt man and heaven?

Char. O fy! my Lord!
Spare heaven, who can revenge its wrongs.

Clair. Th'ave tan'e you from me, Puniſhment too great
For all I hope I ever ſhall commit.
But Madam, ſha'nt I know
The happy object of your Care?

Char. When I do find you better temper'd
I'le tell you, and I hope you'l love him too.

Clair.

Clair. I'le ſtudy ſtill to pleaſe you if I can.
Charl. My Lord! here comes company.

Enter D'elpeche, *leading* Mariane, Lamarch, Francibel, *to them* Bouteſeu.

Mari. I fear we are too late,
'Twill be uncivil if they have begun.
D'elp. No, no, I'le warrant you.
Bouteſeu, how doſt man?
Thou haſt loſt the beſt Comedy.
Bout. I care not, I.
Lamar. Here, Sir, handy dandy, which hand will you have?
For I ſee your Worſhip's in a ſcurvy humour.
Why what a Devil ail'ſt thou man?
Bout. Prethee, *Lamarch*, let me alone,
I am ſerious at preſent.
Fran. I fear the humour is not Al-a-mode at Balls, Sir.
Bout. No more is the dreſs of your head, Madam.
Lamar. Prethee be not ſo Clowniſh,
Thou wert ſuch a pretty fellow, hadſt but a little breeding.
Bout. Reſt ye merry, Sir, I have other fiſh to fry. [*Exit.*
Delp. What the Devil ails he?
Mar. Troubl'd with the Botts, I'le warrant ye.
Lamar. The Worm bites; come Ladies, here's the houſe.
Franc. Nay, Sir, we might hear this houſe by the Muſick.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The new Scene of the HALL.

Enter *Clairmont, Charlot, Beaupres, Bellmont, Briſac, D'orvile, D'elpeche, Mariane, Lamarch, Francibel, Bouteſeu, Attendants.*

D'orv. GAllants and Ladies take your ſeats.
Begin Muſick. [*Begin the Brawls a little.*
Clair. Madam, methinks this is too grave,
We are amongſt our ſelves,
And are not ty'd to this ſame Ceremony.
Char. I am glad you are of that opinion, Sir.
I much more like ſome lighter Dances.
Briſ. I, I, *Beaupres* can lead you many.
Clair. But why will not you dance, Colonel?
Briſ. Truly I ſeldom do, pray excuſe me, Sir,
I'le ſit and entertain the Governour.
Char. What you pleaſe,
Come, Monſieur *Beaupres*, pleaſe you begin.
Beau. Moſt willingly, Sir.

The Dance.

D'or. Moſt excellent, i'faith; come, come, give not over ſo,
Some ſingle Dance, any thing to be doing.
Char. Nay, Sir, pray let them begin, for I am out of wind.
Clair. Madam, you here are Miſtreſs!
Bout. Come, Madam! I think you are
Weary, Sir. [*Bouteſeu takes Bellm.* out of *Beaup.* hand.
Beau. Uncivil Villain, take that. [*Strikes him, and leaps to his Sword*
Bout. S'death, unhand me, Gentlemen, O the Dog— *and draws.*
Briſ. Away Churle! ſuch inſolence before my face!
D'orv. Fie Gentlemen! thus to diſturb our mirth!
Colig. Flie, Gentlemen, flie! O, if you had ſeen
That tall Fellow how he thwacks Fidlers, you would
Flie with expedition; have ye a mind to have your Fidles
Broke about your Pates?

Fidler.

Fidler. Not we! we thank ye.

Colig. Hang lag, hang lag. [*Exeunt* Colignii *and Fidlers.*

Clair. Colonel, ſecure your friend:
Come, Sir, do you not ſtir from me,
Have I your Paroll you will not?

Bout. 'Tis hard! but ſince I ſhall be worſe confin'd;
Yes, Sir, I give it you.

Clair. Come! lets in, the Ladies are all fled in fear!

D'orv. Nay, Sir, here's one ſtill.

Brif. Siſter! what made you ſtay? you might have gain'd
Some miſchief.

Bell. I was afraid to ſee you 'mongſt their Swords,
But durſt not leave you:
I hope you are not hurt, Sir? [*To* Beaupres.

Beaup. With nothing but his moſt uncivil uſage. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Malignii, *as in the Garden.*

Malig. So, ſo, this does begin to work:
And I have watch'd the iſſue with ſuch heed,
As wealthy Fathers that expect an Heir
From their lov'd Wives to own their fair poſſeſſion.
I'm ſorry they were hindred from the miſchief
That this might have produc'd.
But time will ripen all, and quickly too;
For *Boutefeu* will ne're ſleep unreveng'd,
And t'other hates him too beyond the common.
So that they'l find out ways to act my wiſhes:
Now, Love, if ever thou didſt Rhetorick teach,
Learn me a language of that moving force,
That I may touch the faireſt *Bellmonts* heart:
I wonder ſhe appears not, for that Wench
I know will work her to this evening walk.
Minutes do ſeem Gyants as they run;
But will ſeem skipping Dwarfs when ſhe is come. [*Exit.*

Enter Bellmont, Luyſon.

Bellm. Why doſt thou ſhake ſo, Wench?
Thanks to Heaven, there is no hurt done.

Luy. I but, Madam, I was ſo frighted,
I cannot hold one joint ſtill.
Pray, Madam, give me leave to go to my Chamber.

Bell. I prethee do, I dare be here alone: [*Exit.*
I know, if he can get from my Brother, he will come!

Enter Malignii *to her.*

Malig. O, there she is.
Bell. Who's there? Speak!
Malig. The humbleſt of your ſervants, Madam!
Bell. Malignii, what makes you here ſo late?
Is my Brother in the Garden?
Malig. Not that I know of, Madam,
But I came to talk with you.
Bell. With me? 'bout what?
I'le but call my Woman: *Luyſon!*
Malig. You need not, Madam, ſtraight I'le do't for you.
Bell. Pray, good Major, what's your buſineſs with me?
Malig. Cannot you gueſs? or have you quite forgot
The humble offers I have long ſince made you
Of the moſt pure and faithfulleſt affection,
That man e're bore to woman?
The ſuit is ſtill the ſame, and I am ſtill
The miſerable ſame Petitioner.
'Tis bootleſs now, I think, for to repeat
Things I have ſworn ſo often to your ears
(For there they ſtopt) and never could get further:
I need not ſwear how much I am in love,
Since all that ſee you die of the ſame paſſion.
Nor need I tell how faithful I will prove,
Since thoſe fair Charms where my ſoul is fetter'd
Can ne're be broke by any rebel heart.
What ſhould I tell you then? nothing,
'Tis not my *Que* to tell you what I am:
But humbly here to beg what you ſhould be,
If not for mine, at leaſt for pity's ſake:
Sure mercy dwells in you: for 'tis in Heaven.
Bell. How often have I told you, *Malignii*,
That it was much unfit for me to hear
Diſcourſes of this nature?
Why d'ye trouble me and your ſelf too?
A reaſonable man would have been anſwer'd.
Malig. But reaſon never yet with love did cope.
Bell. Becauſe you want it, d'ye think that I
Muſt bar my ſelf the uſe on't?
'Tis late, and I blame-worthy, here to hold diſcourſe
With men alone; good night, Major.
Malig. Stay, Madam, for I've much to ſay.

Bell.

Bell. To morrow will be fitter for to hear it.
Malig. No time ſo fit as now:
Nay, Madam, you muſt not go as yet! [*Holds her.*
Bell. What rudeneſs d'ye practiſe?
Do you know who I am, and where?
Malig. Yes, Madam, very well:
But I am now reſolv'd I will be anſwer'd
In ſome things, then trouble you no more.
Bell. What means he? Heaven! [*Aſide.*
What is it, Sir, you would be anſwer'd in?
Malig. Is it impoſſible you e're can love me,
If I ſhould work my honour and my name
To ſuch a pitch, as they might make you greater,
Give me at leaſt that hope;
For Lovers think that all is poſſible,
Pray anſwer, Could you love me then?
Bell. Yes, very much:
For I extreamly love a growing Virtue
That ſhoots men up to honour and renown,
But yet my love will never tend that way,
That leads to the uniting you and I.
Malig. Why, is my perſon then ſo odious?
Bell. I ne're examin'd that;
But may be 'tis impoſſible.
There be ſome other reaſons.
Malig. And is this all the hope you'l ever give me?
Bell. All that you ever muſt expect from me.
Malig. Then Love direct me:
For I will not die for want of what I now can take.
Bell. Help, help——Murther. [*Takes hold of her.*
Malig. Nay, you're out of hearing,
This way, or I'le drag ye.
Luyſ. within. Madam, Madam, Madam!
Malig. Hell and the Furies ſtop thy throat:
The houſe will riſe. [*Exit running.*

Enter Luyſon.

Bell. O Wench, I have been frighted out of my wits,
That Villain, that damn'd Villain.
Luyſ. What Villain, Madam? who was here?
Bell.——*Malignii*, the Monſter of all villany,
He would have raviſh'd me.
Luyſ. The gods forbid:

When

When your Brother hears on't,
He'll ſurely kill him.

Bell. 'Tis true, therefore be ſure you never ſpeak on't more,
I too much miſchief fear from what to night
Has happen'd: come away.
I ne're again will walk ſo late alone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Malignii.

Malig. I'm glad of that yet, [*Having over-heard 'em.*
For 'twas all my fear:
O this damn'd fooliſh Wench to cry ſo loud!
The Houſe is up, I hear 'em. [*Draws his Sword.*

Enter two or three Servants with Lights and Swords.

Malig. Stand! who goes there? what are ye?

Serv. O, Major, here was ſuch a noiſe juſt now.

Malig. I heard it too: come let's ſeek about. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Briſac *half unready, Servant with a Light.*

Briſ. What is the matter?

Serv. I know not, Sir, I heard your Siſters voice.

Enter Malignii.

Briſ. What is the buſineſs, Major?
Saw you my Siſter?

Malig. Not I, Sir, where is *Beaupres*?

Briſ. I left him in my Chamber.

Malig. Are you ſure on't?

Briſ. I, I, why doſt ask?

Malig. Nay, for nothing; if you left him there,
You may to bed again, I have been round the Garden.

Briſ. I'le firſt to my Siſters Chamber. [*Exit.*

Malig. And I'le not ſtay——
Her mind may alter,
To morrow I ſhall learn all from *Luyſon*:
Plague, had he been parted from *Beaupres*,
I could at worſt have put it all on him,
And ſwore her down, that I had parted them,
And ſhe for a pretext had then cry'd out. [*Exit.*

Enter Briſac, Beaup. Belm. Luyſon.

Briſ. Nothing, Siſter, why did you cry out?

Bell. Why, I was walking, Sir, to take the air,
And ſaw a man, that ſomewhat frighted me.

Briſ. You did ill to cauſe this ſtir for that.

Beau. Women are frightful, Sir, by night.

Briſ. To bed, dear Siſter, all the houſe will riſe. [*Ex. Bell. Luyſon.*

Come

Come Friend, to night you needs muſt lye with me.
Beau. I ſhall be too much troubleſome, I fear.
Briſ. I know your meaning,
Nay, I'le not hinder you;
But take my Counſel in the place and time.
What Devil made him offer it to you,
And to my Siſter too?
Had you two ever any words before?
Beaup. Not I the leaſt,
Nor can I gueſs the meaning.
Briſ. He was put on, I lay my life;
Methoughts *Clairmont* did take much care of him.
Beau. I did not mind any thing of that.
Briſ. I know ſomething more than you think,
Which I will have account for;
Beſides he is my Rival.
Beau. You alſo know I love you, Sir,
Therefore be rul'd by one that is your friend;
Seek not a quarrel on a groundleſs ſcore:
'Twill be thought ill: however you do fare in't,
If he has wrong'd you ever, I'le not ſpeak
One word to hinder what your honour calls for.
Briſ. H'as affronted one that's very near me,
And I will reaſon have for what is done.
Beau. I had an *Item* given me too of that:
But thoſe that did it were miſtaken, Sir,
For to my knowledge, he could never wrong her.
Briſ. H' durſt not that----
Beau. I do believe ſo too----
Briſ. How comes *Bontefeu* ſo ſawcy grown
Before him? and me too? There's ſomething in't.
Beau. There is ſo----
But I would not willingly miſtake.
Briſ. Nor I; The morning ſhall declare the doubt,
Or I wear that can find the riddle out. [*Exeunt.*

Enter D'elpeche, Lamarch.

D'elp. I knew the Fool had ſomething in his head,
H' was ſo ſullen grown o'th' ſudden.
Lamar. But why he pitch upon *Beaupres*?
H'as ſeen him often on occaſion too,
Where he hath behav'd himſelf with honour.
D'elp. P'heu! That's not it:

Though

Though he be young, he's known a man of worth.
Lamar. H' ſerv'd me almoſt the ſame trick.
D'elp. But I think there's ſcarce that freedom
'Twixt t'other and him.
Lamar. 'Twas ill and fooliſh in him---- [*Enter* Malignii.
O Major, how is't w'ye?
You have hardly been ſeen of late.
Malig. You're happy men! nothing to do,
Court Ladies, and be fine.
D'elp. Indeed your buſineſs now is great,
In Winter Quarters there's much ſtirring always.
Malig. They are not yet well ſettl'd, Sir,
When they are, you ſhall ſee me
Friſk and dance, none ſo merry.
But what was the matter laſt night, Gentlemen?
D'elp. 'Tis true, you were not there!
Why, *Bouteſeu* affronted the Colonels friend *Beaupres*,
And had a knock for't.
Malig. Is that all? reſt them merry blades,
Thoſe that ſeek work will find ſome always ready.
D'elp. But I am ſorry 't lighted 'mongſt our ſelves.
Malig. So am I too, but who can help it?
I'le be hang'd if *Bouteſeu* did not hate him
For wearing Starch in's Boot-hoſe Tops.
Lamar. Like enough:
The Gentleman is wondrous moody.
D'elp. No, no, he would have forborn there,
There was ſomething ſtuck cloſer than that.
Malig. If you knew him as well as I,
You would hardly attribute ſo much deſign to him.
Lamar. I dare ſay he never had any in's life!
Malig. Come, Gentlemen, 'tis early, where ſhall we walk?
D'elp. Any where: Let's ride about the Works.
Malig. 'Tis done; The air will do us good,
Come, *Lamarch*, you had rather go viſit
Your Suttlers Wife, I know.---- [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clairmont, Bouteſeu.

Clair. I cannot hinder any Gentleman,
But, if I might perſwade you, Sir,
You ſhould not quit employment for ſuch trifles.
Bout. 'Tis done! nor will I ſerve
Under the man that broods him ſo.

Clair.

Clair. You know, Sir, *Beaupres* is a man of courage,
He needs not that: beſides, I'le tell you freely,
The injury was great that you did offer.
Bout. I had ſome reaſon for't (my Lord)
You may believe, I am not elſe ſo brutal.
Clair. Good Captain tell it me----

Enter Briſac, Beaupres.

Briſ. Good morning to your Lordſhip.
Clair. Good morrow, Colonel.
Bout. Did you receive the Paper that I ſent you?
Briſ. I did, Sir, and you are moſt free.
Bout. I thank you, Sir; my Lord I kiſs your hand.
Clair. Stay; nay I can here confine you for ſome time;
Though of Command you have diſcharg'd your ſelf.
Bout. If it be n't long I ſhall be moſt obedient.
Beau. You need not take ſuch care, *Boutefeu*: [*Aſide.*
I ſhall find time to anſwer you.
Bout. I take your word.
Clair. Mounſieur *Briſac*! I would fain ſpeak with you.
Briſ. And I did hither come to the ſame purpoſe.
Clair. Pray anſwer clearly to what I ſhall ask.
Briſ. Your Lordſhip need not queſtion that.
Clair. Do you pretend to the fair *Charlot*?
Briſ. I love her, Sir, if you call that pretending.
Clair. And do you know ſhe is my Miſtreſs, Sir?
Briſ. That lies in her diſpoſal----
But I do know that you make love to her.
Clair. 'Tis well.
Briſ. But come, my Lord, I muſt examine too,
Did you ever pretend unto my Siſter?
Clair. May be I did?
I am not bound to ſatisfie demands.
Briſ. And do you think to raiſe that Siege,
And lay it to my Miſtreſs?
Clair. Colonel, let's uſe ſevv vvords:
I find vve are agreed in vvhat vve mean.
Briſ. Hovv ſhall vve get to be alone?
If theſe tvvo leave us, ſtill the thing's the ſame:
I knovv they vvill be doing.
Clair. The place is here moſt fit, for none can ſee us,
And I am pleas'd vvith my friend,
If you are ſo, there needs no farther Ceremony.

Brif. Yes, pray my Lord, 'tis for a Miſtreſs that we fight,
We'll do it decently,
Not like the rage that choler works men to. [*ſtrips.*
Beau. What mean you, Sir?
Clair. I know by this you underſtand. [*ſtrips too.*
Beau. Be careful, friend, of what I love, your ſelf: [*embraces* Brif.
And where we're both, the world can never win us.
Monſieur *Boutefeu*! ſee, Sir, occaſion's offer'd.
Bout. And you may ſee, Sir, I was buſie e're you ſpake.
Clair. Blind Paſſion is the mad-mans fate,
Who ſtrives to conquer Love, by ſhewing Hate:
Come, Sir. [*They fight.*
Brif. How he drills me----
So cunning at your Weapon, Sir?
There 'tis I'm ſure. [Clairmont *falls.*
Beau. They will have done before me, [*Cloſes with* Bout. *and diſarms him.*
Stir not, or I will nail thee to the earth,
How is it, Sir? [*To* Brif.
Brif. Well: prethee, look to him,
I fear he's worſe.
Clair. This care is noble in thee, brave *Briſac*,
But comes too late;
Heav'n forgive me, I do freely thee, farewell. [*Dies.*
Bout. What damn'd luck have I? [*Exit.*
Brif. Prethee, lend me thy arm;
Thou art not hurt, I hope?
Beau. Indeed I am.
Brif. Where, dear *Beaupres.*
Beau. In every drop that falls from you,
My ſoul does drop a Tear.
Brif. Away with grief, 'tis womaniſh,
Lead me to the houſe, but ſay you found me ſo;
Relate not you were with me in the buſ'neſs,
There is much danger now that he is dead.
Beau. And would you have me leave you ſingle
In any danger?
Brif. What will your ill avail me?
You being free, you will be abler far
To do me good.
Beau. Out of that hope I will obey you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Hoſt

Hoſt *and* Colignii *having ſtood behind, and ſeen all that paſt.*

Hoſt. Here's fine work,
This is your fault, I would have rais'd the people.
Colig. Why, I did think they had been in drink:
T'other day I'm ſure I was drawn upon
By men in drink, but they did no hurt,
Only kick'd ſome Fidlers, and ſo forth.
Hoſt. You told me
You knew they were in jeſt;
Here's fine jeſting, marry, [*Lifts* Clair. *head.*
Nay, he's gone, cold as earth.
Colig. Why, let him go, 'twas none of our faults,
H'might ha' look'd better to himſelf.
Hoſt. Alack, poor Gentleman,
Who were the other three that went away?
Colig. I ſaw no body; I,
Are you mad? will you ſay you ſaw any body,
And make your ſelf a party?
Hoſt. Ha' you Law for what you ſay?
Colig. Yes, marry, have I.
Hoſt. Why, I'le ſay I have ſeen no body this two days then.
Colig. I, I, do!
So, ſo, then he can never recover the reckoning of me. [*Aſide.*
Hoſt. But who ſhall we ſay hurt him?
Colig. Why, ſay he hurt himſelf upon Chance-Medley.
Hoſt. Well, do you look to't; I'le ſay what you bid me.
Colig. Then be ſure you ſay, you ſee him hurt himſelf.
Hoſt. We had better be gone and ſay nothing.

Enter two or three Servants.

Serv. Who are ye?
Colig. We? why, we are men as you are.
Serv. How long have you been here?
Hoſt. Not very long.
Colig. Yes, but we have: what then?
Serv. Were you by when this Lord fell?
Hoſt. We were by when he hurt himſelf
With Chance-medley.
Colig. Honeſt friends, this fellow lies:
We came juſt when he had hurt himſelf.
Serv. How's this? how's this?
Come, come away with them,
Here's backwards and forwards;

The Governour will have the truth out of ye,
I'le warrant ye;
Come, help Sirrah to lift the body. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Charlot, Bellmont.

Char. Hold, hold, *Bellmont*, 'tis now my part
To lay the treasure out of all my Tears,
'Twas not your Rhetorick, but 'twas he that gain'd
The full possession of the heart you spoke for,
And I will drown this house in such a floud
Shall speak my passion, and how much I lov'd.

Bell. O, envy not my eyes this mournful ease,
Who else would burst; Poor Brother!

Char. O my *Brisac*, if thou shouldst leave me now,
How should I wander in the dark of Love?
No Ghost without a Tomb so miserable.

Bell. Whilst there be hopes
Why should we desperate grow,
And throw our selves into this Sea of grief,
Before the Vessel's sunk our hopes are stor'd in?

Charl. Hold heart a little, for I would not be
Inconstant in my dying,
I'de live to love him, till he did leave me.

Bell. I hope your loves may lasting prove,
And interchang'd remain so here,
And that this ill-look'd chance is but a Scene
To represent what you at last must suffer,
He or you, leaving th'other here behind.

Char. Heav'ns take me first, then order me to guard
Him from all ill.

Bell. Come! dear *Charlot*,
Let us enquire with haste
The Oracle of our ensuing fate
Which by this time the Surgeon here can give us.

Char. Propitious be, O Heaven!---- [*Exeunt.*

D'elpeche, *Lamarch.*

Lamar. So is our Colonel too,
I fear he'll follow.

D'elp. The Heavens forbid:
Yet if he scape his hurts,
I doubt it may go hard with him at Court,
Knowing th'others greatness.

Lamar. I hope not,

His

His Services may ſomething plead for him:
Beſides we hence can make his way
To ſome ſecurer place (having more health)
Till he has got his pardon from the King.
D'elp. I would do any thing to ſerve him,
Come let's go ſee how things are---- [*Exeunt.*

Enter Guard, Colignii, Hoſt.

Guard. There, walk you two there, till the Governour comes,
Come Gentlemen, we'll lock 'em in---- *Ex. Guard.*
Hoſt. So now we are in a fine pickle,
This comes of your Chance-medly,
A Medlar cloſe thy chops when thou'rt dying,
Indeed, Squire, I mean that they call a Medlar:
Is this your Law?
I could have found out a better
Trick of Law my ſelf than this.
Colig. Prethee! what a ſimple fellow this is,
What trick of the Law could you have found out?
Hoſt. Why, run away, when we firſt ſaw what came on't:
For he that runs away, they ſay, has the Law on his ſide.
Colig. Why, who the Devil would e're have ſuſpected,
That they ſhould take two civil men Priſoners?
Hoſt. You ſaid juſt now that I was a ſimple man,
But I'le be judg'd by all this Company,
Who is the ſimpler fellow, you, or I.
Colig. I'le not enter into the Liſt of Compariſons
With any below my own rank.
Hoſt. I muſt be a rank fool then---- [*Aſide.*
But pray heark ye me, what muſt I ſay?
For I ſhall be daſh'd and baſh'd at the Governours queſtion,
For all he's an Aſs, yet he has ſome pretty conceits
As they call it in the Law.
Colig. Why, mark me well;
We are not ſuſpected to have done the thing our ſelves.
Hoſt. I think not.
No, why ſhould they?
Colig. He that ſuſpects wrongfully doth himſelf wrong,
For ſlander flies back in the ſlanderers face.
Hoſt. True, like a man that piſſeth againſt the Wind.
Colig. Why, then all that we ſhall be ask'd is, who we ſaw there?
Hoſt. Very good, Sir, and you ſay you don't know.
Colig. Prethee peace, I never heard ſuch a haſty fool.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Why, I only tell you, what I will ſay my ſelf.
Colig. Why, look ye; there you make your ſelf a party again,
They'l think you but diſſemble and won't tell.
Hoſt. Why, what ſhall I ſay then?
Colig. Why, name any body, and then let them clear
Themſelves as well as they can.
Hoſt. Pray tell me who you'l name; for we muſt not name
The ſame man; you muſt name one, and I another.
Colig. O no, no, we muſt both name the ſame men,
Or elſe they'l catch us tripping.
Hoſt. I, the ſame men we muſt agree on,
But you ſhall name one (as I ſaid) and I another.
Colig. Why, I'le name Monſieur *D'elpeche* our Gueſt,
Becauſe he pawn'd me for the reckoning.
Hoſt. Squire, 'twas your own fault.
Colig. I, I, but he might have choſe whether he would or no:
But who will you name?
Hoſt. Marry e'en Monſieur *La Rock*,
That put me out of my Tenement, I thank him.
Colig. He's a cunning Fellow:
But no matter, *Jacta eſt Alea*----
Said *Cæſar* when he leap'd a Ditch.

A Hearſe ſet out on a Table.

Enter D'orville, *Attendants*, La-Bar.

D'orv. This object is ſo cruel, that it calls
Tears from a Souldiers Eyes;
No *Scythian* but would weep
To ſee ſo fair a worth nipp'd in the Bud.
Lab. H' was my noble Patron, yet my grief
Suffers encreaſe, becauſe I was not with him:
I might have hindred this, or fallen too.
But pray, Sir, let's learn the perfect truth.
D'orv. We will endeavour it. } *Enter* D'elpeche,
Monſieur *D'elpeche* you're welcome; } Lamarch.
And you, brave Captain; ſee your General's kill'd,
And your poor Colonel mortally wounded.
D'elp. It grieves us much:
How came this accident?
D'orv. We cannot tell;
But Death did ne're

Play

Play for a fairer prize, and win both ſtakes.
Here's two can give account, they ſaw the buſineſs.
Bring thoſe Fellows here.
Speak, Friends, how did this buſineſs happen?
Colig. And pleaſe you, Sir, they came unto the Field,
Pluck'd off their Doublets, and they were run through.
Hoſt. Yes, an' pleaſe you,
With Chance-medly, I ſaw it.
D'orv. How, friend, Chance-medley,
I know not what thou mean'ſt?
Colig. Sir, he talks like an Aſs,
Mind him not.
D'orv. But you that can talk wiſer, what ſay you?
Colig. That they all drew and kill'd one another;
The Iron age methoughts was come again.
D'orv. Sirrah, leave off your Poetry, and ſpeak to th' matter;
Who were the others that were there?
Two Swords were found,
And yet *Briſac* brought his home.
Colig. An't pleaſe you, Sir, Mounſieur *D'elpeche*
Was there for one.
Hoſt. And one Monſieur *la Rock* for another.
D'elp. Who, I? what a lying ſlave is this?
It is not half an hour ſince we roſe.
D'orv. Sirrah, are you ſure this Gentleman was there?
Colig. Yes that I am; nay, Captain, ne're ſtare.
D'elp. Why, thou art drunk ſtill; upon my faith, Sir,
I have not been abroad before,
This is my firſt flight hither.
Lamar. I can aſſure you, Sir, I lay with him,
And what he ſays is truth.
D'orv. Let their Land-lord be fetch'd, I'le ha' this examin'd:
And you, Sir, who did you ſay was there?
Hoſt. Monſieur *La Rock*.
D'orv. Who is that?
Hoſt. H' was my Land-lord lately, but he turn'd me out of
My Tenement moſt baſely and ſcurvily.
D'orv. How came he hither, he's no man o'th' Sword?
Hoſt. I know not I, but there he was,
And you pleaſe to give me my Oath, I'le ſwear't preſently,
And then let him ſay what he can for himſelf.
D'or. Have a care I catch you not lying. [*Enter* Cortaux.

Monſieur *Cortaux*, welcome;
Saw you theſe Gentlemen this morning?
Cort. Yes, and pleaſe your Honour, one is my Gueſt;
But they both lay together this ſame night.
What ail'ſt thou man? { Colig. *winks and*
D'orv. How ſay you, Sir, to this? { *pulls him.*
Colig. Why, my Father's mad, or elſe miſtaken.
Cort. Thou art mad I think to pinch me ſo.
D'orv. Sirrah! you Rogue! I'le have you to the whipping-poſt,
And your Companion too,
If I do find you willfully tripping.
Hoſt. kneels.---Hold, Sir, I'le confeſs rather----
Colig. What will you confeſs, that you are an Aſs?
D'orv. Peace, Sirrah.
Hoſt. This ſilly Fellow here and I combin'd,
To accuſe Monſieur *D'elpeche*, and Monſieur *La Rock*;
Colig. O humane frailty! how weak thou art!
D'orv. Your humane frailty ſhall be try'd, Sirrah.
Away with them ſtraight,
Let them be ſoundly laſh'd.
Cort. O mercy, Sir! he is my Heir.
D'orv. You might have bred him better.
Hoſt. Yes, ſo he might; nay he ſhall be whipp'd for company;
That's my comfort; here's chance-medley for you.
[*Ex.* Colig. Hoſt. *and* Cortaux.
D'orv. 'Tis time Monſieur *La-Bar* muſt find this out:
May be the Colonel at laſt may tell us:
But I dare ſwear that he was fairly kill'd.
Lamar. I hope there's none will queſtion that,
Since our brave Colonel was there engag'd.
La-Bar. There's none will queſtion his fair honour, Sir;
Yet I would gladly know
How I have loſt my Patron now, and why.
D'elp. It is moſt reaſonable.
D'orv. Come, Gentlemen, this body ſhall be laid
Where all our duties fitlier may be paid.

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter D'elpeche, La'march, Surgeon.

D'elp. But are there no hopes left?
Surg. None, but in Miracles, his Liver is quite pierc'd.
And 'tis a wonder he has not bled to death already.
D'elp. But that is ſtopt?
Surg. Stop't, alas, Sir,
To give him time enough to ſay a Pray'r or two;
He cannot laſt an hour.
La'm. Truſt me, I am much griev'd.
D'elp. And ſo am I, he was a worthy brave Gentleman;
Come, let's go take our laſt farewel. [*Ex.*

Briſac *laid in his Bed*, D'orvile, Beaupres, Bellmont, Charlotte, D'elpeche, L'amar.

D'or. How is it, Sir?
Briſ. The Surgeon beſt can tell.
D'or. May we not learn the full of all this buſineſs?
Briſ. A difference I had with the General,
What would you learn more?
Pay, Sir, retire, and take the Company with you,
I'm weak, and have ſome buſineſs
I fain would end before I go.
D'or. Religion does forbid that we ſhould trouble you,
Heaven grant your Pray'rs, and make ye happy, Sir.
Briſ. I thank you, Sir! Nay, Friend *Beaupres*, ſtay you here;
And you, Siſter, do not leave the room.
Governour, may I entreat the preſence of your Daughter?
'Twill be my laſt requeſt.
D'or. Moſt willingly! *Charlotte*, ſtay you here. [*Ex.* D'or.
Briſ. Adieu dear Friend, I ſhall not ſee you more!
La'm. May all your hopes prove proſperous,
I cannot endure to ſtay and ſee you thus! [*Ex.* La'm.
And I muſt leave you like a Girle,
Blind with my tears:
I wiſh I could but do you better ſervice. [*Ex.* D'elp.
Briſ. 'Tis now too late, and yet I thank you for your wiſh.

Beau. O Heav'ns, muſt we then part?
Curſe on my hand, it was too ſlow.
Briſ. Blame not a thing that did ſo much;
Alas, we were all born to die:
And if we do anticipate the time
That bearded Elders languiſh in, we ſcape
A thouſand miſeries that they have ſurely ſtoop'd to.
Death is a bug-bear never fear'd when known:
Weep not, dear Siſter, I will leave you one
Shall be a Brother, and a kind one to you:
Will you not, *Beaupres?*
Beaup. You cannot doubt my love to all that's yours;
But I will not diſſemble now the tie
I have upon me, to be ever kind.
Shall I have your pardon?
I would have told it you e're long,
But hop'd for better opportunity
Than the ſad Fates allow me now.
Briſ. What e're it be, I do forgive thee freely,
For I dare ſooner doubt my being happy,
Than that thou e're didſt wrong me in thy friendſhip.
Beau. I am her Husband, Sir.
Briſ. That merits more my thanks than blame,
For it was to thy dear arms I would bequeath her.
Bell. Heav'n meant me not ſo great a bleſſing
To have you living, and this bounteous gift.
Briſ. I give her to thee, friend, with all my heart.
Uſe her well for her poor Brothers ſake;
And, Siſter, be you ſtill to him
Such as may make him in you love his friend,
His poor departed friend:
So, I hope you two are happy;
Now to my Love, and then I die in quiet.
Bell. Speak not of dying, Sir, it wounds my ſoul.
Briſ. Ha, what means that Lady, Siſter?
She weeps, ſhe weeps.
O, if thoſe tears be but for my misfortune,
I will not envy Emperours that live;
But think it greater glory thus to die,
Piti'd by the beauteous good *Charlotte.*
Bell. You are not only pity'd but belov'd,
Beyond all what the world contains beſides.

Briſ.

Brif. Mock not my hopes, 'twere double death { *She kneels by him.*
If now I ſhould but find it otherwiſe.
Char. May I then be believ'd? O my Stars!
Is this the good you have ordain'd me?
Shew me ſuch worth,
To tell me what I've loſt.
Brif. I know to leave this world is death,
But I leave more when I leave thee;
What Heaven can I expect hereafter?
When all the Idea I can e're receive
Of happineſs, I here do leave behind me;
Will you be kind unto my memory,
My dear *Charlotte*?
And when your thoughts do entertain themſelves
Of me your ſervant being gone;
Remember then, Pray remember often,
How much your poor *Briſac* did love you!
Charl. You ſpeak as if I did intend to leave you;
No, my *Briſac*, I will not long out-live you.
Brif. O yes! I do conjure you live,
By all our love, and then I ſhall live in you:
For how ſhould I be curſt of all the world,
If I deprive it of its chiefeſt Jewel:
My ſoul ſhall wait upon you here;
My mind does tell me I ſhall bear that Office,
(For I am penitent for all my ſins)
And that will be a glorious ſtation,
More than I e're durſt hope for;
But that I gueſs I have your wiſhes for't.
Char. We'll hand in hand unto the other World,
And there confirm the union of our ſouls,
Then 'twill immortal be, and we ſha'nt need
To fear a fatal ſeparation.
Beau. Deny us not, fair Maid, thy company,
We all muſt die, and be, I hope,
Together happy in the other world.
Brif. It is not fit any of you ſhould die;
For when you're gone,
The world will be neglected, and not own
A ſubject worth a care;
You ſhall not think of leaving one another;
Dear friend, would you thus leave alone

My dearest Mistris, and your poor *Bellmont*?
Charlotte in you may see what I have lov'd;
And in her friendship to you think on me.
Char. Whilest memory retains a place,
Or life but motion giveth to my heart;
Each breath I draw, and every bow I make,
Shall be for my *Brisac:*
The organs of my soul shall frame no sound,
But what shall eccho still my dear *Brisac*;
Master of all my hopes and all my joy:
Poor fickle joy, alas, how soon thou leav'st me?
Never, O never, to return again!
Bris. And you, dear Friend, when you shall see that face,
That much adored person I have lov'd,
Pay her the zeal of all your friendship to me;
And, Sister, as you ever did affect
Your Brother, turn that kindness all
To my *Charlotte*, and to *Beaupres* your duty. [*Enter* Mal.
Beau. Your Major, Sir, is come to take his leave.
Malig. Heavens bless my Colonel! how is't, Sir?
Bris. O *Beaupres*, come hither, I had forgot to tell you;
But I grow wondrous faint;
Have a care of *Malignii.*
Oh *Charlotte*, your hand, for I am going;
Farewel, farewel; I can no more. [*Dies.*
Beau. Farewel the thoughts of worldly things;
What are the Pomps of greatest Kings;
But empty titles State foreshew,
Idols, we make, to which we bow?
Nothing that's certain here below,
But death, and certain that we know.
How glorious is the fabrick, when,
Ill to the Maker likens men!
But this the cleerest ever was,
Retain'd the brittleness of glass.
Bell. Through which we ought to see how fair
Are Blisses that Eternal are;
Led by perswasion of our blood,
We here expect a certain good,
And frame our best of what is worst!
Since by great Heav'n the earth we curst.
Char. My thoughts to Heav'n their wishes send,

And to Heavens will in reverence bend;
Leave tempting me thou diſmal care,
Miſtris of ruine and deſpair;
The ſtrings of my poor heart, I'm ſure,
Are not ſo ſtrong they can endure
This cruel weight: then be thou gone
And leave my Love to act alone.
Beau. Malignii, ha, canſt thou weep?
I ſhall enamour'd grow of what I could not love before.
Bell. Poor Major, what have we here loſt?
Mal. I Madam, the world can yield no recompence for this.
Char. He bad us have a care of him dead!
Sir, remember, pray, to do it, as you love
Your dying Friend, O my ſoul!
That I can live to ſpeak him. [*She falls.*
Malig. Alas, my Colonel took care, you ſee, at laſt,
For me, unworthy me; I ſhall grow blind with grief.
Beau. Come Major, help to lead theſe Ladies forth,
And call me now your Friend;
Since he commanded hath his friendly tie. [*Exeunt.*

Enter D'elpeche, La'march, Bouteſeu.

D'elp. 'Tis ſtrange we ſhould not learn
A perfecter accompt of all this buſineſs.
Bout. Cannot *Beaupres* inform you?
D'elp. He ſeems as ignorant as we.
La'm. And I dare ſwear he is ſo:
You two, I hope, are reconcil'd.
Bout. O yes, the General did it this morning.
D'el. How? this morning! why, were you with him this morn-
Bout. No, not I; who ſays I was? [ing?
D'elp. I did underſtand you ſo.
Bout. I was miſtaken, ſo were you too; God buy. [*Ex.*
La'm. What the Divel's this?
Hey, paſs and repaſs, this fellow grows ſo ſubtle,
He'll have his brains beaten out e're long;
He's like a mad dog, ſnarles and bites at every body.
D'elp. I, and no body knows wherefore;
Sure his brain's addle.
La'm. Nay that it was ever ſince I knew him;
But he's much alter'd, h'us'd to be
An honeſt plain blunt Fellow;
Now ſo capricious! out on't!

D'elp.

D'elp. Who cares?----but to our buſineſs:
Who doſt thou think willl carry now the Regiment?
Lamar. There is much talk of young *Beaupres*;
Though it of right belongs to *Malignii.*
D'elp. He's a man that has no friend,
And I'm afraid deſerves none:
Yet he will buſtle hard before he loſe his right:
The other's a worthy youth;
Though I dare ſwear he will not much ſeek for it.
Lamar. I love him for my Colonels ſake,
H' was his faithful friend.
D'elp. It ſhall be ſtill my ſtudy how to ſerve him.
O Major! how is't man? [*Enter* Malignii.
Ha, weeping! why I thought thy breeding in the Wars
Had dry'd that Fountain up;
Yet truſt me it does become thee;
I ſhall e'en bear thee company.
Lamar. We have all loſt a worthy man;
But Fate has call'd him to a better place.
Malig. I hope ſo.
Lamar. This may prove vvell for you:
You are the next in place, for to ſucceed him.
Malig. It never can prove vvell,
I having loſt ſo brave a Colonel;
But Gentlemen let me entreat,
You vvill to morrovv morning order give
That all your men dravv up together
Without Saint *Denis* Gate, and there receive
Some further orders.
D'elp. We vvill not fail.
Malig. O! I had forgot to tell you,
(My grief doth overvvhelm my memory)
Young *Beaupres* is married to *Bellmont*,
The Siſter of our late Colonel,
Here privately, ſince that they came to Tovvn.
D'elp. Did *Briſac* knovv ſo much before he dy'd?
Malig. Yes, yes! but not vvhen they vvere marry'd,
He had bequeath'd her in his Will to him,
And vvith her all his Fortune.
D'elp. 'Tvvas noble friendſhip in him,
I vviſh them joy and happineſs.
Lamar. What rumor's that, about *Beaupres* ſucceſſion?

Malig.

Malig. I know not, I, nor care not.
D'elp. If there be any ſuch report,
It ſprings from this occaſion;
Beaupres did, when his Uncle loſt his life,
Pretend unto this Regiment;
But young *Briſac*
Had then the promiſe of the firſt that fell,
For ſome brave Action he had done;
When *Beaupres* with him join'd in all,
As being long Comrades, forc'd it upon him,
And would not once diſpute it,
You ſince have ſeen he ſerv'd a Volunteer,
And would have no Command amongſt us.
Lamar. Something I knew before;
But was not quite ſo perfect in the ſtory.
We ſhall obey your laſt Commands:
Adieu Major.---- [*Exit* D'elp. Lamar.
Malig. He ha' th' Regiment, ha, ha, ha!
I, ſo he ſhall, that's my good Boy, make much on't:
Soft, ſoft ye fools, I have rods in piſs
For him, and for his curious Minx,
She us'd me ſweetly; well, I muſt not truſt her,
She knows I am a Rogue,
And ſeeing me grow great with him
She may diſcover our laſt evenings walk.
How am I now beſet with my own Plots!
That fool *Bouteſeu*, and he, for ought I know,
May grow to a right underſtanding:
Ha! what becomes of me then? I have it,
And each on th'other ſhall ſecure my fate.---- [*Exit.*

Charlotte, held on a Bed by *Mariane*,
Francibel, *D'orville*.

Charl. Pray, Sirs, let me go, you uſe me too unkindly,
I never did any of you ſuch wrong.
D'orv. Take comfort my dear Girl,
Thy Father begs it of thee.
Charl. Why, I did beg of Heaven, and that was deaf,
Deaf to my zealous prayers;
I'le never pray agen: but I will ſing
My ſelf into his bleſt Society.

SONG.

SONG.

The Bells were rung, and the Maſs was ſung,
And all was for my Billy,
And all my Friends my death had ſworn,
I would have none but Willy.

Hey, ho! break thou fooliſh heart;
Why doſt thou throb, and ſnub
Like Girles that are whipt?
Indeed I could be angry thou art ſo long a breaking.
Fran. She's much diſtemper'd, Sir.
Madam, for Heavens ſake take patience to you.
Char. What man is that?
Fran. It is your Father, Madam!
Char. O pray Sir, be gone: alas poor man! he weeps too.
Is it for *Briſac* you weep? nay then, pray ſtay,
We will all weep, ſhall we not? he would have wept
For me moſt bitterly, do not you think he would?
Fran. Yes ſurely, Madam.
Char. Alas poor Man! come let me dry your cheeks:
Truly I take it very kindly of you, that you will weep
For my *Briſac*: did you lament my Mother ſo?
Would ſhe were with you now to comfort you, and I
Were in her place.
D'orv. Peace, my dear Child,
Thou like a tangled bird doſt beat
And fret thy ſelf to death.

Char. ſings.

Willy *was fair*, Willy *was ſtout*,
Willy *was like the Lilly*,
And Willy *promis'd to marry me.*

O! but he could not; for he dy'd, or elſe he would
Have kept his promiſe: was ever poor maid
So couzen'd; ſpeak, were you ever couzen'd?
Maria. No truly, Madam.
Franc. May be ſome Muſick may ſtill her ſpirits, Sir:
Shall my Siſter ſing?
D'orv. I Pray let her.
Fran. Sing Siſter! prethee ſing!

Mor.

Mariana Sings.

Lady preſerve the title of your heart,
And ne're commit ſo raſh a deed,
As when your Lover doth depart,
You may not leave off ſorrow with your weed:
Spoil not what once was thought ſo fair,
But quench remaining fire with a Tear;
And bury, when the next does come,
All ſad remembrance in this Tomb.

Char. Away, thou art out of tune and ſence,
If I needs muſt hear Muſick,
Let it be my poor Boy's Voice;
He once could pleaſe me with his melancholy Songs,
Pray, let him ſing.

D'orv. Any thing to pleaſe thee, poor *Charlotte.*

Song within by the Boy.

Beyond the malice of abuſive fate
I now am grown, and in that ſtate
My heart ſhall mourn the loſs it has receiv'd,
When of its only joy it was bereav'd;
The Woods with ecchoes do abound,
And each of them return the ſound
Of my Amintor's *name; alas, he's dead,*
And with him all my joys are fled,
Willow, Willow, Willow muſt I wear,
For ſweet Amintor's *dead, who was my dear.*

Fran. She's faln into a ſlumber.

D'or. No noiſe, make the room dark you do convey her to.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Malignii, Boutefeu.

Malig. I could not gueſs ſo much before.

Bout. P'heu! that can be no reaſon, Sir,
I never did pretend to her,
It's true, I've ſeen her often:
But marri'd are they; art ſure of that?

Malig. He and ſhe told me ſo themſelves,
I had ſome conference with her alone;
But what a Rogue am I?

I was commanded to be ſilent,
And yet this tongue of mine
It is ſo forward ſtill to do you good.
Bont. Why, Major, this to me,
If it be ought that I ſhould know?
Malig. Alas, Sir, it concerns no other man.
Bont. And do you doubt my full diſcretion?
You and I have ſtill been friends.
Malig. And I am ſtill the readi'ſt man on earth
To do you ſervice,
But a Lady's honour;
The ſecret, Sir, is none of mine, but hers;
And I cannot diſpoſe on't to your truſt
Without her leave,
She ſays ſhe mainly doubts your carriage on't.
Bont. Doubts my carriage?
I have been truſted before now,
With half this Ceremony.
If I can do her ſervice, tell me,
For ſhe's a very pretty Woman,
And I'le do't; if you wont, chuſe.
Malig. Do her a ſervice?
'Tis to do one to your ſelf,
The greateſt too that e're your hopes could aim at.
Bont. Prethee, what is't, Major?
You torture me with theſe delays.
Malig. You never gave a cauſe to young *Beaupres*
Why he ſhould hate you ſo.
Bont. Never I, till t'other night.
Malig. P'heu! that was only a requital
To his unkindneſs,
I'm ſure you meant it ſo.
Bont. I did.
Malig. But never any thing before?
Bont. Not I.
Malig. Why, then he does ſuſpect
As much as I am now acquainted with.
Bont. Let him ſuſpect his heart out,
Prethee what is't?
Malig. But you will not be rul'd,
And think it is below you thus to ſneak,
And hide your ſelf for ſuch a Lady.

Bont.

Bout. I will be rul'd, I ſwear I will:
Thou ſtill ſhalt be my guide.
Malig. The fair *Bellmont* does dote upon you, Sir.
Pray what Charms have you made uſe of,
Thus to enſnare ſo fair a Woman?
Bout. You do not jeſt with me?
Malig. Not I,
Nay, if you hold me for a Villain,
I've done.
I knew my fooliſh tongue would be too forward.
Bout. Nay, you, now you are unkind;
But does ſhe love me ſo?
I'le to her ſtrait,
I would croſs Hell to meet ſo fair a Lady.
Malig. Why look you, Sir, how raſh you are?
Take your own courſe,
This way ſhe'll never ſee you.
Bout. How then? dear Major, do you direct me.
Malig. Can you procure a Fryar's habit?
Bout. Ha---Yes, the Chaplain of our Regiment has one,
He us'd to preach in; I can take his.
Malig. Do then, ſhe ſhall meet you by the River ſide
Below the Garden Walk, make haſte, and ask no queſtions.
Bout. I'm gone; farewell, dear *Malignii*,
And if I thrive, command my life. [*Exit.*
Malig. Yes, I think I ſhall command thy life, [*Enter* Beau.
Or by thy hand be Maſter of *Beaupres's*.
Beau. How doſt thou, *Malignii?*
What, all alone?
Malig. Sir, I was thinking with my ſelf,
How groſly I have err'd;
You ha'nt forgot, I'm ſure, our laſt diſcourſe,
Where you grew angry, about *Boutefeu.*
Beau. Hang him, rude ſlave,
I ne're do think on him.
Malig. He was here even now;
And the fool thinks I am ſo much his friend,
There's nought he e're hides from me.
Beau. His ſecrets ſurely are not worth the hearing.
Malig. They may concern you, Sir, in time.
Beau. Me, alas, I do defie his malice.
Malig. But, Sir, there are ſome private hits,

I was commanded to be ſilent,
And yet this tongue of mine
It is ſo forward ſtill to do you good.
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If it be ought that I ſhould know?
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What, all alone?
Malig. Sir, I was thinking with my ſelf,
How groſly I have err'd;
You ha'nt forgot, I'm ſure, our laſt diſcourſe,
Where you grew angry, about *Bontefeu.*
Beau. Hang him, rude ſlave,
I ne're do think on him.
Malig. He was here even now;
And the fool thinks I am ſo much his friend,
There's nought he e're hides from me.
Beau. His ſecrets ſurely are not worth the hearing.
Malig. They may concern you, Sir, in time.
Beau. Me, alas, I do defie his malice.
Malig. But, Sir, there are ſome private hits,

And thoſe but ſeldom ſmart.

Beau. If he be ſtout, as I do think he is,
He will abhor to murder any man
That ready is to do him noble reaſon:
And if a coward,
He will not dare to think on't.

Malig. Nay, on my conſcience, he'll ne're murder you;
But, Sir, by this I find, you are ſtill at odds,
May be your Lady does it for the beſt.

Beau. My Lady! what of her?

Malig. I ſay, ſhe, may be, ſooths him up,
To make you friends.

Beau. She ſooth him up! why, ſhe ne're ſpeaks to him.

Malig. Nay, there you are miſtaken, to my knowledge, Sir,
And he came thence ſo jocund and ſo gay:
She has much power over him!
That is moſt certain, Sir.

Beau. What's this I hear?

Malig. But ſhe ſhould chide him,
The quarrel was very prepoſterous,
And might wrong her fame.

Beau. 'Tis true, 'tis true: what an Owl am I,
Not to reflect on that?

Malig. But he was jealous of your better fortune.

Beau. He jealous of my *Bellmont*?

Malig. I, I, all the world might ſee that in his carriage,
But, why ſhe ſhould conſent to meet
A man diſguis'd, and privately.

Beau. I know ſhe will not.

Malig. But if I prove it to you,
Shall I then be believ'd?
She is the Siſter of my Colonel,
And now your Wife, whom I have ever lov'd,
She may ſome indiſcretions now commit
Will lie as heavy on her as a Crime.

Beau. My honeſt, honeſt, *Malignii*,
Do this, and tye me ever to thy ſervice.

Malig. Take you no notice, go, I'le bring ye where
You ſhall need no atteſt but from your eyes---- [*Exit* Beau.
So, theſe Trouts a man may tickle from their ſenſes. [*Enter* Bout.

Bout. I have the habit, Major.

Malig. Make much on't Boy; but keep your Sword about ye.

Under

Under your Coat, in caſe of danger to prevent the worſt.

Bout. Thanks, Major, for your care:
I did intend ſo much. [*Exit* Bout.

Malig. 'Tis not my fault if either of you live;
Fall both, and then I'm certain I ſhall thrive---- [*Ex.* Malig.

Enter Bellmont, Luyſon.

Bell. Go ſee how my poor Siſter *Charlotte* does,
And if ſhe be awake.

Luyſ. I ſhall, Madam.---- [*Exit* Luyſon.

Bell. How ſullen is my fate,
Thus to begin in mourning after marriage?
My Lord's poor heart is over-charg'd with grief,
And we like Turtles grieve for poor *Briſac*;
Poor youth, he was both Friend and Brother;
O Major! you are welcome, and I hope, [*Enter* Malig.
You have as well forgot the will to ſin,
As I have freely now forgot your fault.
You ſee the frailty of man's eſtate,
And then the ſure account we all muſt give;
Come be not ſad, this Counſel I don't mean
As a reproach, but for your real good;
For I do find my Brother lov'd you much.

Malig. Why did the Heavens create you then ſo fair?
O hide thoſe Eyes, for they would make
An auſtere Anchorite in love with ſin.

Bell. You counſel well:
Hereafter I'le not move
This Vail when you ſhall be in preſence.

Malig. 'Twas the good counſel of your Ghoſtly Father,
Who now has eas'd my ſoul
Of a moſt heavy burthen it ſuſtain'd.

Bell. Truly, I do rejoice in your converſion.

Malig. He told me, Madam, he would ſpeak with you,
Alone, without acquainting of your Husband,
Matter of moment he pretends it is.

Bell. What ſhould it be? can you not gueſs, good Major?

Malig. Yes, I believe about the difference
Happen'd between *Bouteſeu* and him;
I have a Letter from him to you.

Bell. To me! prethee let's ſee't.

Mal. The Prieſt has brought him to confeſs his fault,
But honour will not let him do't to your Lord,

And

And you are thought the fitteſt medium now.
Bell. I wiſh I might prevail with them for peace.
How is ſhe, Wench? does ſhe ſtill ſleep?---- [*Enter* Luyſon.
Luyſ. No, Madam, ſhe's awake,
And 'tis a woful ſight to ſee her ſo.
Bell. I will go viſit her.
Major, I ſhall remember what you told me of,
And will not fail to meet the Father;
But pray where is't?
Malig. Below the Garden, by the River ſide.
Bell. Here, *Luyſon*, keep this Letter---- [*Exit.*
Malig. Nay, ſtay you here.
Luyſ. My Lady will chide, I dare not,
I'le meet you here anon.
Malig. What Letter's that, let's ſee't?
Luyſ. Fye, Major, oh here's my Lord--- [*Forces the Letter from her.*
Beau. Who was that juſt now [*Enter* Beaupres.
Parted from you?
Malig. Your Lady's Woman,
I am great with her, ſtay let me ſee the Letter
She has ſtoln.
Madam,
I ſhall not fail to meet you neer the Garden,
By the River ſide, and there be obedient, in what
Ever you ſhall think moſt fit. *Bonteſeu.*
Why, look ye, Sir,
Thus unexpectedly I find a way
To keep my promiſe with you.
Beau. 'Tis not his hand,
He dares not write thus to her.
Malig. Are you ſo perfect in his Character?
Methinks it is his hand.
Beau. I never did believe that he could write;
A ſenſeleſs brute; but I grow fool in Words,
And idle paſſion is for want of deeds.
Malig. What deeds?
Heaven guard your breaſt from evil thoughts,
You will not, ſure, conclude that there is harm in this.
Beau. No, no, meet a man privately,
Diſguis'd as you do tell me,
One that durſt wrong me too, her Husband,
Moſt excellent meaning ſure there is in this:

O,

O, I could tear her from my memory,
Nay, tear the heart that ever did contain
So baſe a Gueſt, as her baſe Whoriſh Love.
Malig. Fye, Sir, 'tis not ſo bad yet.
Beau 'Tis not the body, but the mind
Can ever make it bad;
I'de rather have my Wife twice raviſh'd,
Than once dare think the means how ſhe may act it;
But thou art honeſt, *Malignii*,
And know'ſt not half the cunning of theſe Women.
Malig. Alas, Sir, I.
You ſee, Sir, in her carriage I was cozen'd,
Nay, her Brother's eyes were ſeal'd too,
And yet that was not ſuch a Monſtrous Crime,
That ſhe ſhould take ſuch care in the concealment;
How cloſe ſhe'd prove in matter of more moment!
Beau. And I, good natur'd fool,
Read it obedience to my ſtrict command.
Malig. Nay, may be 'twas ſo,
But ſhe's good natur'd too,
And I would have you ſtill avoid all ſcandal.
Beau. Good natur'd; ha!
Come lead me to this ſight,
I'm ſick till I be there,
And ſicker ſhall be far when I have ſeen it.
Malig. I will not be your guide,
If you miſconſtrue ought when you have ſeen it.
Beaup. Not be my Guide?
Thou ſhalt,
Or I will cut your throat, officious Sir. [*Draws.*
Do you pretend to tell me this
Out of meer friendſhip? thinking to ſooth me up
To low diſhonour? You ſhould have held your tongue
If you did mean it, knowing me:
But now conduct me where I may ſee them both,
As thou didſt tell me too,
Or I will cut thy throat, becauſe thou knewſt not me,
And yet doſt know her weakneſs.
Malig. Come, put up your Sword,
Or keep it drawn ſtill againſt your Friend;
'Twill be no argument of courage, Sir,
Nor of much honeſty:
I will diſcover all I can unto you;

And

And if you raſhly deal, then blame not me;
For I grow mad to ſee your excellent Nature
Thus Fever-ſhook by a fond womans fault;
But let me ſtill perſwade your wiſer thoughts
To flye all choler in your undertakings.
Beaup. I'le do no raſh unſeaſonable act,
Without a full examination,
That I'le promiſe thee.
Malig. Nay, if you come once to examining
You put them to a guard, and they'l defend
All queſtions you can then but offer to them.
Beaup. How then?
Malig. Why, as you pleaſe;
But *Bouteſeu* is very cholerick,
He'll ſcarce endure examination
Without the meaſuring of this.
Beaup. Would there were all my miſchief.
Prethee let's go, I ſtand on thorns. [*Exeunt.*
Malig. Come, if I can I will prevent your horns.
Enter Bouteſeu *like a Fryer in the Garden.*
Bout. She is not here yet.
Methinks I look like Fryer *Bacon*:
But I had better been ſtudying what to ſay.
Hang ſpeeches, I came to do;
For ſhe likes me already, then-what need I talk?
O my ſweet *Malignii*!
I'le ſue for thee to my Siſter,
An t' wilt, for this kindneſs: [*Walks up and down.*
No ſoul in Love, fond Boy, the worlds great Soul.
Enter Bellmont.
Bell. Moſt Reverend Sir, you ſee I have not fail'd
In my obedience to your Meſſage ſent.
Bout. Nor will I ever fail whilſt I do breath,
To be the humbleſt of your Servants, Lady.
Bell. Father! I cry you mercy, you are not the man
I took you for.
Bout. Yes but I am, Lady; ſee my hair is only put back.
Enter Beaupres *and* Malignii.
Beaup. Hell and Furies! Stay me not.
Bout. Ha! her Husband, with *Malignii* too!
O Villain; I am betraid:
Have comfort, Lady, I can defend ye well.
Bell. Me! I know ye not.

Beaup.

Beaup. But I do you. [*Wounds* Bellmont.
Bont. 'Twas baſe; here was the nobler mark,
As I am a man, and therefore thou——
Beaup. Come, come, ye Dog, thus I can muzzle ye.
Bont. No, not yet.
Beau. Yes, now 'twill do, thus, doubly thus.
Bont. Had I but done the deed
It would not trouble me half ſo much to dye thus.
Bell. As you did e're love Heav'n
Hear me but ſpeak.
Malig. Madam, 'tis now too late.
Beaup. But I will hear her ſpeak,
And learn the truth from dying mouths.
Malig. Then keep them company. [*Runs at* Beaupres.
Bell. Heav'ns guard my dear *Beaupres.*
Beaup. Baſe treacherous Villain—— [Beaup. *diſarms him.*
What didſt thou mean in this?
Hey, *Bask!* help me to tye this dog: [*Enter Footman, binds him.*
Come, lead them to my Cloſet,
There I will learn the truth;
This place is too much open to the eye.
Bont. Pray, Madam, e're you go
Tell me one thing, and then I dye in quiet;
Did you e're ſend for me?
Bell. Not as I hope for mercy;
Nor did I till now know you.
Beaup. Who did perſwade you hither?
Bont. A baſe malicious Villain and a Knave;
I find I was betray'd by my own folly.
Beaupres, give me thy hand;
As e're I hope to come at Heaven
'Tis *Malignii* has wrong'd both thee and me,
And this fair virtuous Lady.
This as I'm dying I am bound to tell. [*Dies.*
Beau. What canſt thou ſay to this?
Malig. I will ſay nothing but thou art an Aſs,
Though I have miſt my aim.
Beau. Convey him, Sirrah, to my Cloſet,
And kill him rather than permit eſcape. [*Ex.* Malig. *Serv.*
But O, what torments of Eternal Hell
Afflict my murther'd Soul!
Bellmont! my fair, my dear *Bellmont!*

Could all the malice of a bloody Rogue
Tempt me to wound this breaſt?
The fountain of my pleaſures, all my joys!
O, my curſt Stars!
No bolt in Heaven to ſtrike ſo foul a Murtherer?
Bell. The Heavens ſhall ſure forgive thee my *Beaupres*,
If ever I get thither:
For I will be thy interceſſor ſtill,
And knowing it was Love too much betray'd,
I will not grieve to dye thy Martyr;
But when I am gone,
Believe my honour ſtill as fair,
And that I ſtill did love my dear *Beaupres*:
Farewel, one Kiſs, ſo—— [*Dies.*
Beau. Ye Angels take her to your Guardianſhip,
Whilſt I muſt howl my fault ſo loud,
That Beaſts that hear the diſmal ſound
Shall frighted ſtand, and men with horrour ſweat, [*Enter* Bask.
Whilſt they imagine but my Agony.
O *Bask*, is he ſafe? here ſet theſe Bodies up,
Now call the Governour,
And all thou ſeeſt of my acquaintance:
Hark thee one word.
Thus like a Pilgrim, 'fore his honour'd Saint, [*Kneels to Bell.*
I offer up oblations of my Vows; *body.*
But like a ſinner ſteel'd in vice
I muſt deſpair the mercy I do call for;
For thou art cold my Girl, my poor *Bellmont*,
And though thy charity to th' laſt did blaze,
It was a fire will conſume my ſoul,
My eaſie couzen'd ſoul, which ought to loſe
Its immortality, ſince it did reaſon lack;
Come all ye Furies laſh me from this ſight,
But now I think on't, this is a Sanctuary,
No, I will firſt perform one act of juſtice,
(That I ſhould talk of Juſtice now!)
And then I will deliver to your rage
All that I can of me——
Yet let thy mercy, Heaven,
Allow me but her ſight, for my relief,
Her pleaſing ſight——
For ſhe did ſpeak forgiveneſs at her death;

And

And wilt thou uſe ſo prodigal a mercy?
No, my *Bellmont*, I need no weapon for my death,
Grief for my fault will ſtop my breath.

Enter Mallgnii *gag'd and blinded with a Handkerchief 'twixt two ſervants.*

So, ſet him there,
And when I give the word, hark ye, [*Whiſpers.*
He not deſerves a worthier hand.
What made thee, Hell-hound, thus abuſe my ſoul?
Hadſt thou no pity left thee in thy breaſt?
Yet this ſame ſight would make *Alecto* weep;
Thou cruel Dog------
And I more cruel Fool------
Malig. I will not anſwer thee, do what thou wilt. [*Noiſe here.*
Beau. Away with him to Execution,
I hear 'em coming------ [*Exeunt with* Malignii.

Enter D'orville, D'elpeche, Lamarch, La-Bar, *Attendants.*

Moſt worthy, Sir, why, I have call'd you here,
That ſight will beſt inform you.
D'orv. Ha, dead! *Bontefeu* too in a Fryars weed!
Beau. You'l wonder more when I dare boldly tell you,
'Twas I that kill'd them both.
D'orv. Diſarm him ſome of you.
Malig. within. ---O, O! ye cruel Dogs.
Beau. The firſt that does attempt it ſtraight ſhall find
The folly's great, when I'm reſolv'd to die:
But hear me quietly ſome few moments,
I promiſe to reſign it then.
D'orv. Will you therewith not do ſome harm firſt?
Not on your ſelf I mean?
Beau. I ſhall not need,
That have ſuch killing objects 'fore my eyes.
Malig. O, O, O!
D'orv. What voice is that?
Beau. Say, Sir, I beſt can tell you,
The voice it is of one
That wrought me to a miſchief, none but he,
So wicked Villain as he was,
Could ever give a birth to.

Enter Luyſon.

Luyſ. O! my Lady! my dear Lady!
D'orv. Peace, thou fooliſh Woman.

But who is't, pray, Sir? he seems to be wounded.
Beau. That horrid Monster *Malignii*.
Poor *Bellmont* could he behold thy Face,
And plot such ruine to thy loveliness?
Luys. Did he do this?
H' would have ravish'd her once before in the Garden.
Malig. Peace, Devil, peace.
Luys. Nay, it shall all out,
H'as tempted me several times to leave some Letters
In her Chamber.
Beau. I find my soul's a fleeting after hers,
And you'l have time enough t'examine this.
See, Sir, the Sacrifice of innocence,—— [Malig. *discover'd pierct with a stake.*
Now take my Sword, 'tis not in Surgeons Art
To cure the fractures of a broken heart:
Besides that Villain has been busie here;
Forgive me dear *Bellmont*; forgive a Crime
Caus'd by my too much Love—— *Dies.*
D'elp. I ever did suspect that *Malignii*.
Lamar. H' was a subtle and a cruel Villain.
Luys. But, Sir, your Daughter.
D'orv. Ha! what of her?
Luys. Is dead! poor Lady dy'd distracted with her grief.
D'orv. I wish that mine
Could do that favourable office;
Heavens how have I deserv'd
These sad afflictions?
D'elp. The best of cure and remedy is patience,
Then take it to you, Sir,
Remember Virtue calls upon you for't.
D'orv. But, Sir, of late
Virtues rewards are slow,
And I am too much oppress with cruel grief,
To stir my passions by her Moral rules:
O my poor Girl!
How cruel was thy fate?
D'elp. Be not so much dejected, Sir:
We must submit to him that makes all even,
And never spurn against the will of Heaven. [*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.